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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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Cover Girl: June 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Olive Glass

GIVEN that average Americans spend nearly 100,000 hours of their lifetimes working, it makes sense they'd want to make the most of their time on the job—but the readers of *Penthouse Letters* go one sexy step further as they specialize in the business of pleasure!

In this month's Open Season, traveling executives enjoy some fringe benefits as they engage in on-the-road extramarital flings—with their savvy spouses' permission.

In Suck a What? a silver-tongued assistant shows his female boss why he's the right man for the job, and in Girl Meets Girl, a bi-curious woman with an agenda orders up a steamy encounter with the blonde barista who's been bedding her man.

And that's just what happens on the clock!

Vacations have plenty of sizzle, too, from one reader's nighttime adventures in Mexico in "On the Road" to Celine Rachelle's sensual Scottish getaway in "Highland Fling."

All of these dirty stories prove true what we'd already guessed: Our readers are hard at work—and at play!

Have you had an on-the-job affair? Send your most incredible sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.

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EDITORIAL

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio

Publisher Kelly Holland

ART

Creative Director Matt Westphalen

Art Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

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Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez

Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
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ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

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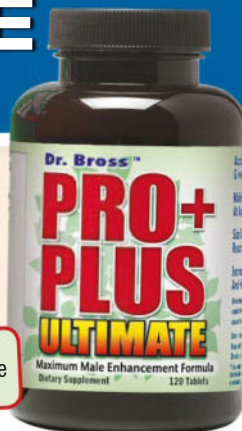
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LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

HOT VENGEANCE

It must have been a lot easier to cheat on someone before social media. Maybe my boyfriend Sid would have gotten away with it if he hadn't left a digital trail of evidence.

Instead, somebody took a phone shot of him and a woman kissing outside a coffee shop. It got posted, and someone I knew recognized him and tagged me with the urgent question, "Isn't this your boyfriend?"

It was. I didn't know the woman with whom Sid was lip-locking, but I sure was pissed off about it! I studied the pic, trying to decide what to do. Obviously, I needed to break up with Sid. But he needed to understand how badly he'd hurt my feelings.

Suddenly, all that hurt faded. I didn't recognize the woman, but I did know the coffee shop. She was wearing an apron. She must work there!

A devious plan formed in my head that involved seducing this woman. But my plot hit a snag almost immediately. I had never once done anything sexual with another woman, not even so much as to share a passionate kiss. I was a lezzie virgin. Would my desire to get even with Sid let me overcome my inhibitions?

I decided I should put the question to the test.

I picked out a tight black skirt, a sexy top and spiky high heels. Then I realized this was Sid's favorite kind of outfit. Disgusted, I changed into jeans and a tee, and then drove to the coffee place.

Nervousness made my hands tremble a little on the steering wheel as I parked. Or was it excitement? I gave myself a smirk in the rearview mirror as I checked my hair. I had been trying to imagine how I might go about coming on to this woman, but that led to thoughts of actually going to bed with her. Would I be bold enough to have sex with her?

The possibility stirred something in me. I was a little flushed as I went into the

coffee shop. The woman was working the counter, a blonde girl with a nice shape and friendly eyes. She smiled at me as I approached. I still had the image of her kissing Sid in my mind. I mentally replaced him with myself and imagined kissing this woman as passionately as he'd been doing in that photo.

"What can I get you?" I realized it was the second time she'd asked the question.

There was nobody waiting behind me, so I started chatting with her as she prepared my order. Her name was Suze.

**"I LOWERED MY
HEAD, UNCURLLED
MY TONGUE AND
TOOK MY FIRST
LICK OF A
PUSSY."**

She was as friendly as she looked, with a musical sort of voice. I had meant to try some aggressive flirting, but I found myself responding to her naturally instead. She really was quite pretty. Suddenly, I heard myself tell her so.

She blushed but didn't look away. I thought I saw interest flash in her eyes, so I asked, "When do you get off?"

"In an hour."

"I'll be waiting out front!"

"Uh," she said, "I'm kinda seeing this guy..."

Sid was who she was seeing, but somehow he was far from my mind. I said, "I'm not a guy, so it won't be cheating." My heart was thumping.

Suze grinned.

It was either the longest or the shortest hour of my life. I sat in my car and sipped my coffee as unfamiliar excitement sizzled

in me. She was attracted to me! I was sure of it. And I was sexually drawn to her—I couldn't deny it. It was a revelation to me.

I pulled up out front when Suze exited the shop in her street clothes. I opened the passenger door, hoping like hell she'd get in. She did, smiling a little shyly at me before saying, "I don't normally do this sort of thing."

I could have told her how I'd never done this, but by now I was burning with desire. She agreed to come back to my place, and I drove us there.

Stepping into my apartment was like crossing some profound threshold. I had brought this woman here for explicitly sexual purposes. Even yesterday I wouldn't have believed this of myself.

Suze turned to me. We slid into each other's arms, and then, after a breathless hesitation, our mouths came together in a soft but passionate kiss.

Our connection hit me like an electrical charge. Desire streamed through me, warming my flesh and moistening my pussy. My whole body craved her—yet I stepped back abruptly.

With her kiss still tingling on my lips, I told her everything about Sid and the photo and my plan, which had been to take a picture of the two of us, preferably tangled in bed, and send it to my cheating, soon-to-be ex-boyfriend. I couldn't deceive Suze like that. She seemed too sweet. I felt ashamed.

She held me and led me to the couch, and we sat. She kept holding me and stroking my head and telling me it was okay. She'd had no idea Sid had a girlfriend. She kissed me again.

That kiss turned urgent. I pressed my mouth hard against hers. She kissed me back with the same sudden need. Our lips parted, and I was having my first French kiss with a woman! Her tongue squirmed like an eel as excitement and pleasure overtook me.

We ground our bodies together on the couch. She pushed her ripe tits against mine. My hands roamed over her body,



and she moaned into my mouth. We were way overdressed, so I tore at her clothing. She peeled my T-shirt off me and put her hands on my tits. I cried out at the contact and began to touch her in return. I couldn't believe how soft yet firm she felt. I tweaked her stiff pink nipples. Then she dipped her head to suck on my hard little buds.

My pussy was aflame. Suze yanked down my jeans while I got her out of her pants and panties. There she was—a beautiful, desirable, naked, eager woman. I threw myself on top of her. Her skin was smooth and creamy. I loved her curves. I put my mouth on her luscious titties, sucking hard on those engorged nips. Suze writhed with pleasure underneath me.

I licked the silken undersides of her

breasts, then I moved further down her body, letting new instincts guide me. The moment felt like a wonderful dream. I kissed Suze's tight belly before flicking her navel with my tongue, which caused her to squeal with delight.

Then I moved down between her open legs, ready to take the most drastic and dramatic step forward into this erotic realm. I inhaled her musky scent as I looked in wonder at her pussy, a live perspective I'd never before had of the female anatomy.

Her cleft glistened. Her blonde pubes were shaved down to a fuzz. I set my face above her enticing entrance, and her thighs closed on my shoulders.

I trembled. There was truly no going back from this. But I didn't hesitate. I was fully committed. I lowered my head,

uncurled my tongue and took my very first lick of a pussy. The taste stung my whole mouth with intense pleasure. Again, it was almost electric, setting off powerful reactions in me.

Lapping at her folds, I let the warmth and wetness of her overwhelm me. I slipped my tongue inside her, stunned by the smooth texture of her interior. Her juices flowed into my mouth. I felt them trickling warmly down my throat. It was such a primal flavor. Now I understood why guys liked eating pussy so much.

Suze groaned and squirmed on the couch cushions as I tongue-fucked her wildly. I caressed her throbbing clit with my tongue tip, coaxing the deepest pleasures from her. Again instinct—and firsthand knowledge of a woman's body—guided me. Without having to

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

plan it, I knew just how to excite her and make her cry out.

Suze reached for my hair and humped her pussy hard against my face. She came with a yowl, flooding my mouth and drenching my chin. Victorious pleasure flowed through me as well. I felt a deep satisfaction from having gotten this woman off.

"I want to taste you now!" Suze said, her face bright with sweat and desire.

Suze surprised me by pulling me on top of her, so I could ride her face. Just before I lowered my streaming pussy onto her hungry mouth, she said, "Grind your cunt hard on me! Fuck my face!"

Shivering, I set my pussy on her mouth. Her fast tongue raced over my sensitive flesh. She lapped my folds, sending hot tendrils of joy up into my body. Then she slithered her tongue up inside me. She homed in on my humming clit. Every touch and tease delivered a new thrill.

My whole body felt alive, buzzing with desire. Gooseflesh stood out on my arms. I found myself pressing down on her face, straddling her like I might a bucking horse. Her hands closed on my ass, her fingers digging in and drawing me down tighter onto her magical mouth.

I thrashed on top of her. I bucked my hips helplessly as her tongue reamed my pussy. I reached down and seized two fistfuls of her blonde hair and really started grinding on her face. She made muffled yelps and groans of pleasure while keeping busy with my pulsing clit.

Suddenly, bliss got the better of me. Ecstasy rolled up my body and crashed through my skull. I let out a savage cry and poured my hot juice into her eager mouth. It was a devastating climax. I tumbled limply off her afterward.

Slowly, with cooperative movements, we reclined toward opposite ends of the couch and set our sopping pussies squarely against each other. I had never quite understood how "scissoring" worked, but I discovered the unhurried languid joy of it. We gently rubbed against one another, then pulled tighter together.

Our hips worked in tandem, with our legs neatly entangled. I felt her lovely, slippery flesh rubbing against my own. Our nether lips met again and again, in a purely carnal kiss, one only two women could share.

The languor slipped away, and we were bucking energetically, hurtling toward a mutual crisis. Our orgasms consumed

us. We jerked and spasmed and cried out, and finally relaxed and disentangled ourselves.

I stood and took her hand, leading her into my bedroom.

Later, I broke up with Sid via text message, without explanation. But if he wants to check my social media profile, he'll see I'm currently in a relationship with someone named Suze.

—K.D., via email

■ GOING CLUBBING

When I met Megan and Lorraine at the bookstore as they gushed over the same romance author I adore, I knew we would be fast friends. It didn't take long for us to form our own book club—which was really code for a wine-and-bitch fest that met every Thursday evening.

Occasionally, we did actually talk about books—especially if we found a sizzling romance novel that set our libidos alight. This, of course, led to frank, booze-fueled discussions about what we liked—but rarely got to experience—when someone joined us between the sheets.

One theme prevailed: We all found ourselves in a constant state of sexual frustration that had become impossible to quell with our own hands. Suddenly, what started out as wine time evolved into an intense sexual awakening as we began discussing our bodies' most sensitive places.

When it was my turn to dish, I laughed over my own shyness. Waving off their expectant stares, I insisted, "I'm sure my hot spots are the same as anyone else's."

Megan shrugged. "Well, how can we know if you won't tell us?"

Taking a different tack, Lorraine laid a comforting hand on my shoulder. "You don't have to say or do anything that makes you uncomfortable," she murmured



soothingly. Her thumb circled on my back, working a tiny knot of muscle I hadn't even noticed until that moment.

A mischievous glint sparked in Lorraine's eyes as she added, "But it's so much fun to talk about sex."

"How about this? If you're too shy to say the words, show us instead," Megan suggested.

Shaking ever so slightly, I drew my hand up to point to the space beneath my ear, a spot where a sensual kiss always sent a jolt straight to my clit. My other hand brushed over my nipples, my mouth too dry to articulate my dirty thoughts.

Not yet finding my voice, I brushed my hand down my torso and traced a finger along the creases where my thighs frame my pussy. "And here," I gasped, finally able to force words from my lips. Stammering, I continued, "No one ever touches me there. They usually pass over those spots, eager to get to the main event, but they're the most sensitive places on my body."

A warm flush born of lust and alcohol colored my skin a deep shade of crimson. Still feeling shy, I briefly closed my eyes and waited for Lorraine to start spilling her own sexy secrets. Instead, I was shocked to feel two bodies tuck in close on either side of me.

Warm, sweet breath fanned my face as someone swooped in to nuzzle my neck. A flick of a tongue came next, tapping me smack dab in the center of the "fuck me now" button beneath my earlobe that I'd just identified. Groaning, I tilted my head to the side, further exposing myself to my friend's advances.

My eyes were still closed, so I honestly had no idea who was doing what to my body. All I knew was that it all felt divine. A part of me worried that opening my eyes would make it all go away. So I kept them closed tight, forcing my brain to stop shouting and instead focus on the deeply erotic feelings my friends were drawing from my body.

Right when I thought the licking on my neck would drive me crazy, a set of hands



"HAVING TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TEND TO MY NEEDS WAS A FANTASY COME TO LIFE."

descended upon my breasts, their fingers pinching my nipples lightly. Every tweak set my body alight. These women were working my body exactly as I'd always hoped a lover would. Every touch wound me tighter. It felt like I was being primed to fall to pieces.

I opened my eyes to watch my friends worship my body. Megan's light brown head hovered over my chest, her hands diligently working my tits through my T-shirt, while Lorraine continued to nuzzle and lick my neck.

Suddenly, Megan's head slipped beneath my oversized cotton tee. I silently praised myself for deciding to go without a bra that night. I'd made a lazy choice for comfort, but now I was glad there was no additional garment to get in my girlfriend's way.

At first Megan's tongue simply traced circles around my nipples. It was the most satisfying form of torture I'd ever

experienced. Then as I writhed, Megan dragged her teeth over one sensitive bud, causing me to cry out and clutch at the leather couch cushion beneath me.

Though arousal clouded my thoughts, one insistent idea forced its way through the fog: *Why can't I give pleasure while I get it?* Frustrated that I hadn't gotten to explore Lorraine and Megan's bodies, I slid my hand into Megan's lap. My fingers toyed with the hem of her skirt before sliding beneath it in search of her slit. When the tips of my fingers brushed the silken material of Megan's panties, my own pussy twitched with delight. Since her lips were currently latched tightly over my nipple, her happy groans shot straight to my core.

Then, very slowly, Lorraine's hand slithered down my torso to my spandex covered pussy. My throbbing flesh ached beneath my yoga pants, practically begging to be touched. I longed for her fingers to slide under my waistband and head to the promised land. A cool wetness in my undies told me I was more than ready to be fucked.

But instead of seeking skin-to-skin contact, Lorraine simply brushed her nails over that oh-so-sensitive skin along my pantylines that I'd pointed out earlier. Still, despite the fact that Lorraine's movements were in no way focused on my pussy, my sex throbbed harder and demanded this teasing turn to fucking.

Apparently intent to drive me crazy before I came, Lorraine redirected her touch to the seam at the center of my

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

yoga pants. The same line that happened to bisect the folds of my pussy. She traced the path slowly, drawing more juices from my sex despite the two layers of fabric between us that somewhat dulled her touch.

Right when I thought I'd spontaneously combust from their teasing, Lorraine tugged my pants down my hips. Finally exposing my cunt, she sucked on my pussy lips, focusing on one swollen fold at a time. The unexpected suction left me crying out with delight. I thrust my hips upward, grinding my pussy against Lorraine's face in a desperate bid to find more pleasure.

At the same time, Megan nibbled and pinched my nipples. Somehow every brush of her hands across my breasts made my pussy pulse. This only increased my desire to come. Again, I ground my pussy against Lorraine's mouth, impatiently demanding gratification.

Lorraine responded by thrusting her tongue into my slit, making my whole body quake. Right as my cunt began to twitch, she pulled out to torturously tease my throbbing clit, lazily circling the bud.

When Lorraine's rhythm on my button magically matched that of Megan's on my breasts, I realized they'd been silently communicating the entire time. Working together for the sole purpose of getting me off. It made me feel like a goddess. Having two beautiful women tend to my needs was a fantasy come to life.

Suddenly, my body was lifting off the couch. Megan was pulling me up, practically dragging my love-drugged body to the dining room table. A gentle push of her fingertips sent me backward,

landing on the cool marble tabletop with a thud. She laid me out, spreading my legs wide.

Lorraine sidled up to the table at that moment. The bottle of wine we'd been drinking from earlier dangled loosely from her fingertips and a mischievous glint lit her eyes.

"You already look good enough to eat," Lorraine said, "but I've always thought a little wine enhances even the best meals."

Gently, she tilted the bottle over my torso, slowly dribbling the wine over my breasts and belly. While she poured, Megan lapped up the ruby liquid from my body, swirling her tongue around as she raced to collect as much of the wine as possible—but there was too much for her to catch.

Red rivulets of Merlot streamed from my breasts to the table, pooling around me. As Megan's tongue circled my rock-hard nipple, I felt another cool dribble of liquor fill my belly button.

As if one tongue working my overly sensitized body wasn't enough, Lorraine joined in. A quick peek over Megan's head revealed Lorraine lapping up the wine from my belly before she ducked between my legs.

The lash of her tongue along my swollen pussy lips made me cry out. My back attempted to arch off the table, but Megan's weight on my chest was too much. I was well and truly trapped beneath them, having no choice but to absorb every ounce of pleasure possible.

I remember thinking, *Damn, all I need now is a third girl to work my ass.* The moment the thought entered my mind, Lorraine's fingers crept around to my backdoor, applying a gentle pressure there that resonated in my pussy.

Every erogenous zone—from my breasts, to my cunt, to my ass—pulsed with pleasure. Every nerve crackled, firing intoxicating electric energy across my skin.

As their tongues flicked over my nipple and clit one last time, I came undone. Sated groans tore through my chest

**“THE LASH OF
HER TONGUE
ALONG MY
SWOLLEN PUSSY
LIPS MADE ME
CRY OUT.”**



and my body. Light seemed to explode before my eyes as euphoria completely pulled me under.

That was the moment things got really blurry. The foggy depths of my brain knew exactly where I was and who I was with, but the intensity of my release actually cut me off from reality. I floated happily through a sea of pleasure, focused only on the bursts of bliss exploding within me.

As the last waves of my orgasm finally waned, I realized Megan and Lorraine were hovering over me.

Of course Lorraine would be the first one to speak: "Next time I come over, don't offer me a glass for my wine."

Caught off guard by her statement, I laughed before promising, "Nope, it's belly shots all around from now on."

—B.B., New York, New York

■ ON THE ROAD

I walked into the bar after a long, hot shower in my hotel room. The sign above the door had read "Cantina," but it was just another bar outrageously decorated with over-the-top flair for American tourists like me who'd come to Mexico for some fun. I scanned the room and checked out the scene.

There were dark-haired women dressed in standard jeans and tops and sandals. Tourists crowded on one side of the bar. Blonde women with sunburned noses decked out in colorful dresses, newly purchased Mexican silver and floppy hats that would hopefully shade them from the sun the following day. But for now, those hats were just accents to their drunken, boisterous night.

I sat at the bar and ordered a shot of tequila. When in Rome...

I glanced down to the end of the bar and spotted her. The woman's shoulder-length hair was dyed a champagne color. Her long locks shielded part of her pretty face from me as she stared down and

stirred her drink. She wore an off-the-shoulder turquoise dress and a thin silver chain that kissed her throat just above her collarbone. The simple necklace was the only accessory she needed. She looked spectacular.

I waved a finger at the bartender who then delivered my tequila, placing it on a red cocktail napkin.

"The lady at the end," I said, nodding in the woman's direction. "What's she drinking?"

"Sangria."

"Send her another from me."

He looked me over, his eyes lingering on my tits, and then grinned. "Sure. I'll put it on your tab."

I watched him prepare the drink, pouring booze from a big pitcher and then adding some extra fruit. Apples, grapes, oranges, limes. It looked more like a fruit salad in a glass by the time he was done, and I laughed, thinking he should have given her a fork with that thing.

He delivered the drink to her, and then pointed in my direction. I raised a finger and inclined my head, and she smiled. Wow. That smile. She had a beauty mark above her upper lip, and her cheekbones could cut paper.

I squirmed in my chair thinking about what that amazing woman would look like if her dress happened to fall off. I had to look away for a moment as my pulse pounded in my clit so hard I

needed to grit my teeth.

After I finally ordered another tequila, I looked up to find she was staring at me. She pulled the cocktail straw from her drink and stuck it in her mouth. She licked it and chewed it while keeping her eyes on me.

I squirmed again. Her move shouldn't have worked on me. It was so clichéd. But it did.

She finally finished the drink and then stood. She gave me a pointed stare before sauntering off, swinging her hips and shaking that sweet ass.

I only waited a heartbeat before I tossed money down on the bar for the drinks and a good tip. I hurried after her. She disappeared out of the cantina into the neighboring courtyard that was full of elaborate fountains and lush trees.

I saw her turquoise dress flutter around a corner and hurried after her.

I heard her laugh. She was playing with me.

Finally, I turned one more corner. There was another large fountain tucked in a dead-end nook. She was leaning against the plastered wall with her arms crossed, which caused her breasts to strain the bodice of her dress.

"Thanks for the drink."

I moved toward her and managed to find my voice. "No problem. You looked thirsty."

She smiled. "Is that a fact? How about



LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

you kiss me. Then I'll see about drinking from you."

My pussy gushed at her bold words. She was a lovely teasing creature—that was for sure. I grabbed her by the waist and hauled her to me. The action brought to mind silver-screen couples from old black-and-white movies.

Her mouth was soft and warm. I took her face in my hands and brought my lips to hers. I cupped the back of her head and kissed her deeper. When she yielded to me, gasping against my mouth, I gathered a handful of that champagne-colored hair and tugged hard.

She shivered, and her lips parted further, allowing me to plunder her mouth. I reached a hand up beneath her dress and found her bare. I groaned. My fingers smoothed over her naked pussy. She wasn't shaved; she was waxed, her bare mound as smooth as glass. I found her hard clit easily.

"Someone's already excited," I growled in her ear.

She nodded the best she could with my hand buried in her hair, anchoring her head. I tugged harder, snapping her

head back so I could bite the slope of her throat. I pushed my fingers into her pussy, feeling her wet flesh close around my digits. I fucked her with my fingers. She was so hot and snug that I thought I'd lose my mind.

"Such a tight pussy," I growled as I bit her just beneath her ear.

The golden lights surrounding the fountain cast us in their soft glow, allowing me to see the goosebumps that sprang up along her skin.

I managed to fuck her in a steady rhythm, driving three fingers deep in her cunt before curling them and stroking her lush insides as I rubbed her clitoris with my thumb.

She clutched my arm with her delicate hands. The gesture was both incredibly hot and incredibly sweet. She kissed my mouth desperately as I fucked her that way.

"You're getting even tighter," I whispered, my lips pressed to her ear. "You're getting so goddamn tight. Come for me."

I fingered her harder, and she angled her hips to take me deeper.

I fucked her with a brutal intensity, rubbing her clit the whole time, and felt her flesh squeezing my fingers. I bit her again, and she lost it, her cunt spasming around my digits as she came.

I slipped my fingers in and out of her until the last tremors passed. Then I asked, "Still thirsty?"

She nodded.

She kissed my mouth roughly, and I pulled her bodice down, causing her breasts to pop free. I sucked her nipples in turn. Then I pinched one while biting the other. She hummed softly and wriggled in my arms.

When I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed, she willingly went down to her knees in the dirt. She tugged at the button of my jeans and pulled down the zipper, clawing at my clothes.

I pushed her hands away and slid my jeans and underwear down my legs. I widened my stance just a bit, and she leaned in to lick me. She used the tip of her little pink tongue and played it over the screaming nub of my clitoris. She did it again, and then again, and then started to draw small, tight circles on me. She pressed hard with her tongue, and I felt the pressure of pleasure building within me.

I put my hand on the back of her head and held her to me, while I bucked against her mouth—almost like I was fucking her face with short, brisk thrusts of my hips.

She gasped for air but continued her work. She sucked my clit, and I trembled. She drew on it over and over again, and I held her to me.

"Suck it," I whispered. "Give me more."

She drew on my clit harder and harder. Then she captured it gently between her teeth and flicked it rapidly with her tongue. I thought I'd come, but as soon as I began to moan she backed off.

Her mouth then hovered over my whole slit as she exhaled softly, her humid breath washing warmly over me. She nudged her tongue gently against my hard nub and then began licking me softly.





I heard her chuckle and then felt her begin to paint elaborate patterns on my clitoris. When I bumped my hips forward, she moved her tongue entirely, tracing my labia and lapping at my folds—but avoiding that singing bit of flesh that most needed her attention.

I growled, clutching her hair and rerouting her talented mouth to where I wanted it.

“Suck,” I insisted.

She whimpered and nodded. “Yes, ma’am,” she mumbled against my slit.

I almost came when she said that, but I managed to hold off—just barely. Following orders, she pushed her mouth against me and sucked. Her spit drenched me, and my pussy made its own moisture. Her small hand slipped beneath her dress, and her arm flexed and danced as she started to masturbate.

I groaned at the sight. My eyes didn’t know where to go: Should I watch her lips and tongue washing over me, or that wanton woman playing with her plump, wet pussy?

She worked me in a slow, easy rhythm, inching me closer and closer to orgasm with her tongue. When her body started to tremble, I was mesmerized as she shoved her hand beneath her skirt with more intent. There was no doubt in my mind that she was pushing her fingers into her cunt.

“Come in my mouth,” she whispered against my wet sex. “I want to drink you.”

I made fists with my hands and tried to

“I FUCKED HER WITH A BRUTAL INTENSITY, RUBBING HER CLIT THE WHOLE TIME.”

focus. When she started to moan as she ate me I almost lost it, but I wanted her to come first.

I could hear the squelching thrusts of her fingers inside her pussy. I could see the fine tremble of her body. She licked me, but she was sloppy, messy and jittery because she was too distracted by her own impending orgasm to maintain her rhythm.

“Oh!” she said. “Oh!”

And then she was coming, her tongue skittering over me but never landing properly.

When she caught her breath, she went back to it: holding my hips, licking my pussy and sucking my clit as if it were a dick.

I held her head as I let myself go. I came, gushing against her pretty pink mouth.

Afterward, she looked up at me, and I held out my hand. She took it and stood,

modestly arranging her dress once she was standing. She leaned in and kissed my mouth. I tasted myself on her lips.

“That was good,” I said, pinching her nipple through her dress. She tugged up my panties and jeans, and I took over from her, righting my clothing so we’d both look presentable when we emerged from our hiding spot.

I looked up, and she was grinning at me. My Amy.

“See, I knew you the ‘stranger in the bar’ act would be fun,” I told my girlfriend.

“I’m a little drunk,” was her reply.

“On booze or me?”

She reached over and grabbed my pussy, cupping my denim-covered mound. “Yes—and I want more of both.”

“Let’s go back to the room. It’s our last night in Mexico.”

“Whatever shall we do?”

“I say a little more tequila, and then I fuck you on the balcony. I have this gorgeous blue dildo that would look great sliding into that wet cunt,” I told her.

She groaned and took my hand. “You sweet-talking stranger, you...”

—V.N., via email

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by sending your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

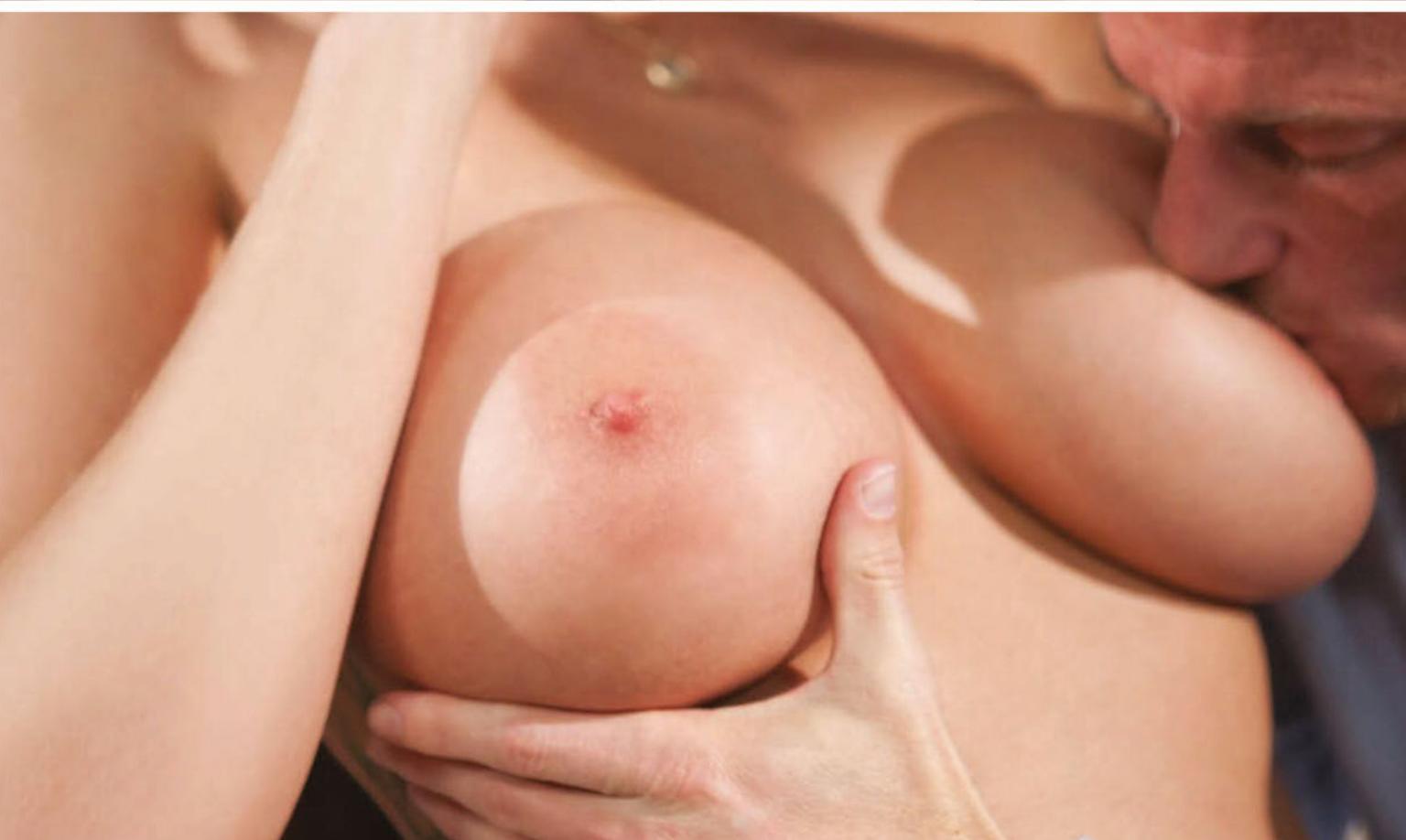


DAY TRADERS

RYAN SNAPS UP ALISON'S OFFER FOR SOME
AFTERNOON DELIGHT.













“I’VE BEEN PLANNING THIS MERGER
FOR A LONG TIME!”

—ALISON









LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

■ ORAL OPTION

You never expect the “one who got away” to come back. I’d had a wicked crush on Matt, who’d lived next door. We were both just starting our adult lives, and I finally got up the nerve to blurt out my feelings for him. He gently took my hand, told me he liked me, too, but said he was going off to college and didn’t think long-distance romances ever ended well.

I went home with a pain in my heart and an ache in my pussy. In the end, I suppose it was kind of comical. Young love is like that—especially the unfulfilled sort. In retrospect, I realized I should have just jumped his bones that night, even knowing it might be the one and only time for us. At least I would have that single fine fuck to remember him by.

Then, many years later, I learned he was coming back home. He would be living in the house next door again. His parents had left him the place, just like mine had with me.

Feelings for my old crush flared up in me once more, hot and needy. I felt like a

girl again, even though I was much more sophisticated and worldly than I’d been back then. I had a career and the pick of just about any guy I wanted.

But part of me still wanted Matt.

Matt, however, didn’t come back alone. Matt had gotten married, and he brought his new bride to their new home, to live happily ever after, apparently.

After I heard about his wife from the neighborhood gossip, I went over with a welcome-wagon pie anyway. Of course, what I really wanted to do was to present Matt with *my* pie. I wanted to ride his, no doubt, luscious cock until I came screaming like a banshee. I wanted him to fuck me hard and jet his spunk into me. I wanted a payoff for all the time I had spent in my life pining for him.

“Jenny!” he cried when I showed up. He was as good-looking as ever, and my pussy twanged helplessly at the sight of him. But his wife was there, too, and he swiftly introduced us.

I had to admit: She was nice, and they seemed good together. I didn’t feel jealous, exactly. It was more like I just wanted to borrow her husband without doing anything to upset their marriage.

Yet during my visit, I caught Matt covertly looking at me with a passionate hunger. I started to settle on a plan.

It wasn’t too difficult to keep an eye on Matt’s house next door and wait for his wife to go out. She left one evening, and I crossed through my backyard to his and tapped on his back door. I was nervous and excited.

Matt came to investigate my knocking, and his jaw dropped when he saw me standing there. I shushed him, ducked in and shut the door. We gazed at each other in the little mudroom, the moment fraught with sexual tension.

“I still want you, Matt,” I said. That moment was quite different from when I’d blurted out my feelings to him long ago. I was a self-possessed woman now. Yet if he told me to leave, it was still going to hurt.

“Jenny...” he murmured. His eyes were bright with lust. I could see his slacks starting to bulge. “I can’t,” he said, sounding like he was trying to convince himself.

I was wearing only a long coat and high heels. I unbuttoned the coat and dropped it to the floor. His eyes bugged out as he stared at my body. The nipples of my high tight tits stood out under his longing gaze. My shaved pussy was moist with need.

But Matt managed to say, “Jenny, I’m married. I—I can’t touch you!” He sounded agonized about it.

I had foreseen this. I had another option for us. “Then,” I said, stepping nearer to him, “let *me* touch *you*. You won’t have to do a thing,” I promised.

When I went to my knees and starting unfastening his slacks, he let out a long moan. I didn’t bother to wonder if his wife was one of those women who—inexplicably—don’t like sucking cock. This was just between Matt and me. If he wanted to stop it, he could.

But he didn’t stop me as I peeled his briefs down to the tops of his thighs. His cock sprang out at me. At eye level, it was a wonder to behold—full and veiny, his balls



dangling beneath, the cockhead swollen and almost purple.

I drew in the masculine scent of him. How many nights had I dreamed of doing this very thing to him? In how many fantasies had he spewed his cream into my eagerly sucking mouth? Too many to count.

He didn't touch me, didn't do anything to help. I hoped that would keep his conscience at bay. I finally reached up and cradled those heavy balls, caressing his nutsac and feeling the deep living warmth within. It was almost like I could hear the slow simmer of his semen, waiting to erupt. But we had a long way to go before that.

I brought his cockhead toward my lips. I breathed softly on his plump knob and saw his whole body shiver. There was a small bead of pre-come oozing from his slit. I unfurled my tongue and expertly scooped it up. The salty flavor hit me, and I rolled the oily substance around in my mouth before swallowing. It was delicious.

Above, Matt groaned again, harder this time. It was the sound of a man hopelessly lost in his desires.

I stuck out my tongue again and slathered it over his crown. I relished the smooth firm roundness of him. I tasted the heat of his flesh. His right leg started to quake, but he shifted position. I rolled my tongue back and forth over him until his cockhead gleamed with my spit.

Finally, I laid my lips on his swollen head. I let them melt slowly over his crown. I gave him some serious suction, tightening the seal of my lips over him. I took his cockhead into my mouth, caressing it again with my tongue, finding a fresh trickle of pre-come as I teased the tiny trench of his slit. Again his body bucked, and he let out a hard grunt this time.

Still cupping his balls in one hand, I started sucking in the length of him. His full cock distended my lips. Spit ran out of the corners of my mouth, but I never broke the seal. I explored the veins of his shaft as I went lower and lower. His taste filled my mouth, and his scent overpowered me.



“I BREATHED SOFTLY ON HIS PLUMP KNOB AND SAW HIS WHOLE BODY SHIVER.”

I was absorbed in the act. The total living maleness of his cock in my mouth overwhelmed my senses. My ears rang, my eyes started to water and my flesh rippled with electrical pleasure. I dropped the ring of my lips down to the base of him. His cockhead entered my throat, pulsing there. My nose pressed against his body.

He was mine. For this moment, at least, he belonged to me.

I lifted my mouth, and then dropped it again. I savored the texture of his engorged flesh. Nothing else in the world felt like him, and the only way to really appreciate the uniqueness of his dick was to put my mouth on it.

I kept up the suction, applying a steady pressure as I settled into an unhurried tempo, my head bobbing and my neck

muscles working. His balls stirred in my hand, and I gently fondled them.

My free hand started roving over my bare body. I couldn't help it and didn't try to. I closed my hand over my tit, squeezing, feeling trills of erotic joy zing through me. I felt up my other tit, giving the nipple a fierce tweak. The pleasure/pain of that would have made me cry out if my mouth hadn't been stuffed with Matt's delectable cock.

He tasted as good as I'd always imagined. I felt a profound connectivity between us, with my mouth joined to him in this most intimate way. I was okay with him not touching me. If this was what it took to let me experience that heady moment, I was happy for it. He could tell himself afterward that he hadn't really cheated on his wife. After all, he was just basically standing there.

I bet, though, that he wanted to reach down and wind his fingers into my hair, and thrust his cock hard into my face. I was sure he wanted to fuck me right there on the floor, or turn me against the wall and plunge his cock into me from behind. Somehow, though, he restrained himself. But he still didn't stop me from sucking his cock.

My self-molesting hand moved down between my legs. My fingers found the dripping cleft of my smooth pussy and

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

teased the lips. As my mouth lunged up and down on Matt's staff, I delved inside myself. My wanton fingers zeroed in on my clit and started coaxing hard bright pleasures from me as my body quivered.

Matt was grunting again, and I let my eyes turn upward. His face was clenched with a kind of mad bliss. His mouth hung open, and his lips had twisted. His eyes were almost spinning in his skull.

I increased my speed, going into the final stretch. Even without Matt in my life, I had made a fine art of delivering blowjobs, proudly perfecting my skills over the years. I knew just how to carry Matt along toward his approaching bliss.

Yet this wasn't just some random guy. I still had genuine feelings for this man. Matt was indeed the one who'd gotten away, but now I wouldn't have the same regrets anymore. I would own this memory. I would know in my heart that we had connected, in a real way.

A shuddering joy rose steadily through me. I drenched my wandering fingers with overflowing pussy juice. At the same instant, Matt's balls tightened, and he released a ragged cry.

I let the first jet erupt in my mouth because I wanted the full taste of his hot spunk. It flowed over my tongue and dripped into my throat. Then I rocked back on my high heels and pulled back my mouth, letting him unload on my face and tits. The splatters hit my flesh. I felt those warm droplets and shivered through another wicked climax.

I milked the last spurts from him with my hand. His come coated my chin and cheeks. It drizzled from my stiff nipples. I grinned up at him, and he smiled dazedly down at me.

As I stood, I reminded him that I would always be right next door.

—J.W., via email

■ BOSS LADY

Success makes it possible to behave pretty much however you want at the office. That's the reason why it's so easy for certain higher-ups to get away with seemingly scandalous interoffice

affairs. If you're earning the company serious cash, the powers that be really don't give a shit what you do.

The distinguished male executive indulging in an illicit affair with his hot young secretary is a story we've all heard a thousand times. Funny that as a woman I never once considered this scenario when I was promoted to an executive position. It took a conversation with my peers to turn my attitude around.

No, I didn't fuck a pretty young miss in my office, but I did eventually hire myself a hot male assistant who is admittedly more eye candy than a business whiz.

At first everything was purely professional. It took me years to achieve this level of success in my career, and I didn't intend to throw it away. But that all changed after meeting my boss and a mentor for drinks.

After a few too many Manhattans the conversation loosened up and somehow turned to my young, hot and under-qualified assistant. Though I vehemently denied that there was anything sexual between us, my colleagues continued to tease, dropping an abundance of hints about their own interoffice affairs in the process.

I heard their message loud and clear: If I wanted my assistant, I could have him. Even at the office.

The following day I threw caution to the wind and fucked my assistant right on top of the reports that littered my desk.

We fell into a nice little rhythm after that. Though I was sure never to let my work suffer, it seemed silly not to start the day with an orgasm sparked by my assistant's ripe, pouty mouth.

The best part about having an affair with my right-hand man was how indulgent and attentive he became. Sexually speaking, that is. If he knew I had a particularly trying day ahead, he always made certain to work out my stress in the most sensual and soothing manner possible.

One particular afternoon stands out in my memory. I was dealing with a grueling



conference call filled with old geezers rehashing arguments and plans that had been put to bed several conversations ago. Rather than wait until the call ended to come ease my anxiety, Jonas gently pulled my chair away from my desk and crouched to fit in the space below.

Jonah's fingers slipped between my thighs, sliding along the sensitive flesh until my knees dropped open of their own accord. Before pleasure completely drugged my brain, I reached out to tap the mute button, preventing my erratic breathing and whimpers from interfering with my colleagues' discussion, which was droning on from the speakerphone in front of me.

Even my pantyhose couldn't stand in Jonas's way. Over weeks of fucking he'd discovered a foolproof way to split my nylons right down the center of my slit without ever having them fall from my legs. The method often left me prowling the office with my pussy exposed to the air on the days I didn't wear panties, which was often. It became an erotic little secret that fueled my libido throughout the day.

Once his thumbs had forced through the flimsy material, Jonah zeroed in on his target. He buried his face between my thighs, his appreciative murmurs vibrating against my skin. The shouting and cajoling of the conference call faded quietly into the background, leaving only my own panting and whimpers ringing in my ears.

Jonas's tongue traced my slit, easing its way ever closer to my entrance. I sank deeper into my seat, allowing gravity to pull me down and press my pussy flush against my boy toy's face.

He groaned his approval against my crotch. The deep rumble of his voice buzzed against my flesh, ramping up my arousal to unthinkable heights. My slit grew soaked with dew, and I angled my hips upward to better serve myself to him.

Jonas immediately accepted my offering and worked me with more intensity. He slipped his hands beneath my ass, cupping my cheeks and lifting me up until



“JONAS'S TONGUE TRACED MY SLIT, EASING ITS WAY EVER CLOSER TO MY ENTRANCE.”

his mouth covered me completely. The new position brought with it a wealth of sensations. Pleasure buzzed between my legs. It was an intoxicating feeling, one that left me tingling with anticipation.

My desperate whimpers seemed to encourage Jonas. The more I sighed with pleasure, the greater the intensity of his tongue-lashing became.

Jonas tickled the entrance to my pussy, and I nearly shot out of my seat. The intrusion of his tongue teasing and delving inside my hole was so sensual, so stimulating, that I could no longer keep still.

I caressed myself, letting my hands explore my body and glide up my torso until my breasts filled my palms. I kneaded the lush globes, massaging the abundant flesh until my nipples turned into hardened little peaks. Though my shirt and bra still stood in my way, pointed

pinches through the material sent jolts of pleasure from my nipples to my clit.

It was becoming harder to keep quiet. Though my colleagues on the call couldn't hear me, the rest of the office could! Still, I couldn't quite bring myself to stay silent. Instead of feeling a sense of propriety, I was overcome with a deep and desperate desire to climax before I could be dragged away to yet another meeting.

A distant voice called my name, pulling me back to reality. Then the muffled voice shouted from my speakerphone, “Andrea, are you there?”

I stretched to tap the mute button on my phone just as Jonas's tongue swirled around my clit, making my answer come out in a gasp.

“Yes,” I said—more breathy than businesslike.

My fingers curled into a fist, and I squeezed hard, desperately trying to regain my composure. My next answer came out with far more conviction, “Yes, I do believe that further research is in order.”

Their satisfied grumbles indicated that my turn to talk was over, so I tapped the mute button again and let out a string of curses. Jonas chuckled against my inner thigh, the throaty sound vibrating against my nylon-covered flesh.

I wound my fingers into his hair to leverage my thrusts, mashing my pussy against his face until every inch of me tingled with the need to come.

“Yeah, that's right. Come for me,” he

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

whispered into my slit. “Let me taste how much you like it.”

A hard flick of his tongue sent me tumbling into orgasm, making me shake like a leaf. I continued to grind my cunt against Jonas’s face. Wetness spread from my slit to his lips as he continued to eat me with sloppy enthusiasm. I couldn’t tell if it was my pussy or his mouth that was creating the most moisture.

Still, I craved more. That first release only offered a teasing taste of what I knew Jonas could give me. My body was already screaming for round two.

As if seeking to soothe my throbbing clit, Jonas pressed the flat of his tongue against me. That gentle pressure was enough to ease the post-orgasmic ache that plagued me, priming me for another thorough tongue bath. My back arched as I pressed downward, my body desperate to do anything to tighten the bond between my clit and his mouth.

Once again, I became aware of a loud rumbling coming from the speakerphone. Forcing myself to tear my attention from

the insistent pulse between my legs, I returned to the call long enough to discuss additional funding for my department. Of course, before I got approval, the higher-ups insisted upon debating the issue heavily. Needing to stay on the line in case I had to bolster my argument, I slapped my hand over my mouth, trapping the sounds of my pleasure behind my lips.

When the need to moan became absolutely unbearable I slid my finger

**“I WOUND MY
FINGERS INTO HIS
HAIR, MASHING
MY PUSSY
AGAINST HIS
FACE.”**

between my teeth, biting down hard to silence myself. Pleasure still reverberated throughout my body, making me shake in my seat until I snapped like a rubber band, erupting in a series of spasms that shook me to my core.

As I fell back down to earth, the meeting came to an end. Everyone mumbled their good-byes, and I slammed down the receiver.

I grasped Jonas’s head and slid onto the floor with him.

“One more,” I gasped. “Give me one more.”

“You sure are demanding boss,” he said softly before he set to work.

Jonas switched up his tactic. Gone was his sensual mouth massage. In its place was a hard, staccato rhythm of beats that he tapped out with his tongue.

I didn’t try to keep myself quiet one bit. I let the whole office hear Jonas’s outrageous performance evaluation. The only thing that mattered to me in that moment was the magic of his mouth on my clit.

To be honest, I was surprised there was even an ounce of pleasure left to be wrung out of my body. I fully expected to writhe beneath him, absorbing the decadent sensations without reaching yet another grand finale.

I should have known better. Jonas’s oral skills may have been lacking in the boardroom, but they were fucking fire under my desk. My body seized and quaked, spiraling out of control so quickly that I had no time to clap a hand over my mouth to muffle my screams—so it’s a good thing I didn’t care who heard us at that point.

Warm, sweet liquid gushed from my slit as Jonas lapped up my pussy juice. He murmured against my skin. “I’ve never tasted anyone as sweet as you.”

Those simple words added another level to my post-climactic bliss.

After I’d stopped shaking, Jonas crawled up my body. Placing his elbows on either side of my head, he hovered



over me before giving me a slow, sensual kiss. Our tongues tangled briefly before he pulled away to flash me a handsome smile.

Ten minutes later I had to leave for another meeting, but I knew Jonas would be ready—and waiting—when I returned.

—A.G., New York, New York

HOT DAMN

David slipped his hand beneath the hem of my dress and squeezed my thigh. We'd just left the most boring garden party of all time. Thrown by his mother of course. Not to mention the fact that it had been as hot as the surface of the sun. Fall was approaching soon, but it had definitely not arrived yet.

"I can't wait to take a shower."

He squeezed my thigh again and shoved his hand a bit higher.

"I'm hoping you won't shower until after."

"After?"

"Yes, after I go down on you."

I turned to look at him, laughing. I thought he had to be kidding. But his strong jaw was set and his eyes were intense. He was smiling but not in a ha-ha kind of way. More in a you-heard-what-I-said kind of way.

"Why can't I shower first?"

He stopped the car at the red light and pushed his hand all the way up to the top of my thighs, his fingertips brushing my cotton panties. My pussy started to thump like a bass drum.

His gaze skipped from my mouth to my tits to my lap. He rubbed his finger along the cleft of my pussy very deliberately, and I found myself squirming.

"Because when you've been warm and active you taste better. If you shower you're just going to smell like soap. I prefer a little marination."

I snorted and covered my mouth. "Marination? Is that even a word?!"

"Whatever, what I mean is, when you

taste like you—the marinated you—it makes my dick hard. And my dick is already hard given that little blue dress you're wearing is so sexy. And the fact that you don't have a bra on underneath."

"It has a built-in—"

He leaned over and kissed me. His tongue was warm and soft, and I could taste the Cabernet he'd had earlier. Someone honked behind us, and he withdrew from me—but not before nipping my lower lip with his teeth. Now my pussy wasn't just thumping, it was wet. Very wet.

"Shut up while I drive us home. Just think about what I'm going to do to you."

For the most part, I did and ended up squirming in my seat.

"This is awful," I whispered at one point. But it was the best kind of awful.

He grinned at me, leering like the Big Bad Wolf. "Oh, no. It's perfect. Just what I wanted. You're going to taste like heaven."

My brain couldn't comprehend his words, but my body could. My nipples tightened in the bodice of my dress, my pussy clenched and grew even more moist. I felt the sun beating on my skin. We'd been outside in the heat for way too long.

When he finally pulled into the driveway, the urge to shove my hand beneath my dress and get myself off was almost overwhelming.

As if reading my mind, David slid his fingers up my leg and pushed my panties to the side. We were hidden by the hedgerow that bordered our driveway. He slipped his thumb along my folds and then rolled it over my hard clit. I moaned and pushed against his hand.

He repeated the same pattern, and when I pushed toward him once more, he slipped a thick finger inside my cunt. He pressed deep, and the pleasure uncurled up from my pelvis to my belly to my chest. My heart hammered, and my eyes drifted shut.

He thrust his finger deep one more time, curled it and rubbed his thumb gently over my engorged clit. I hummed softly, lost in the sensation.

Then he pulled his hand free, dropped a kiss on my cheek and whispered, "Enough of that. Get that ass in the house, push those panties down and hike that dress up. I'm eating that pussy."

When I got out of the car my knees



LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

“HE TOOK HIS TIME, CUPPING MY ASS AND SWIRLING HIS TONGUE AROUND MY CLIT.”

felt like they'd buckle and drop me on my ass, but I hurried to the front door as he found the key. The moment I was in the living room, he slammed the door behind us. As I headed for the steps to go to our bedroom, he snagged my arm, "Where ya going?"

"To our room."

He shook his head, tutting at me. "Oh, no, doll. I gave you instructions. Do as you're told."

I blinked at him, confused, and then what he'd said in the car came back to me. My hands were shaking as I stood there in the middle of the room in my sundress and strappy sandals. I pushed my panties down to the floor and pulled my dress up.

David dropped to his knees, and blood seemed to leap in my veins. Seeing him coming at me down low like that, looking like an animal, made a shiver run through me.

He grabbed my hips in his hands and held me tight. He blew his hot breath on my mound, and then parted my lips to blow directly on my clit. The groan that came out of me sounded tortured. He smiled at me and kept his gaze on mine as he slowly moved toward my pussy.

He held his tongue rigid, and when it nudged my clitoris, wet and warm, I thought those knees of mine would buckle for sure.

Somehow, I stayed upright as he kept his gaze on mine and started to lick me.



He lavished me with long, lazy licks that made me want to shut my eyes and just feel—but the visual was way too enticing. He lapped at me like he had all the time in the world. He did. I'd have stayed like that for days had I needed to.

I put my hand on top of his head and rocked my hips. I moved languidly, watching him eat me. He took his time, cupping my ass in his hands and swirling his tongue around my clit in hypnotizing circles. But the moment my eyes drifted shut he changed his tactic.

I laughed softly but also wanted to smack him because I'd been so very

close to coming and he'd stopped me.

He slid his right hand along my ass and then over my hipbone before pulling away monumentally and ultimately cupping my dripping pussy in his big hand.

"Mine," he growled.

My stomach twisted with excitement, and I nodded. "Yes."

He pushed two fingers in my cunt and went back to eating me. He rolled his fingers along the walls of my pussy, thrusting deep, while sucking my clit and flicking it with his tongue. It was as if he was drawing an orgasm out of me one lap at a time. One stroke at a time.

I put both hands on his head feeling severely weak in the knees at that point. I wanted to warn him I was on the verge, but the orgasm came on too fast and too strong. Instead of speaking, I tugged on his short dark hair unbelievably hard and cried out.

My knees did sag a bit, and he stood, cradling me. He smiled and laughed before saying, "That's one."

"One!"

He led me to the sofa and motioned for me to raise my arms. I immediately obeyed, and he pulled my sundress off and tossed it aside. Then he sat me down and slipped off my sandals, tossing them over his shoulder one at a time and laughing when they clunked against the wall.

He was on his knees, but I could see his cock was hard beneath his slacks. I nudged it with my bare toe, but he pushed my foot away. "Later."

"But—"

"We'll get to that. We have all evening. Right now, I want more of that pussy."

I sighed as he grabbed my hips and tugged me to the edge of the sofa cushion so he could reach my slit more easily. He shoved his hands under my ass and licked his lips like he was about to tuck into the finest meal.

This time his gaze stayed on my pussy, and that was just as sexy. He studied me, blowing on my folds and then gently across my clit. I made a desperate sound, and my hips bucked. He pinned me with his forearm, and that ramped everything up—him keeping me from moving made my insides clench around nothing.

When he pushed his lips against my sex, I groaned. He laid simple kisses along my pussy lips and then my clitoris until I thought I'd beg. I opened my mouth to do it, and he chose that moment to swipe his tongue along the place I needed it most.

I tried to arch up to meet him, but he held me firm. He painted whirls on me with the rigid tip of his tongue, and when the whorls got me close, he changed to swift flicks. It felt incredible.

"Jesus. Please—"

"I go by David for the most part," he countered, smiling up at me.

I laughed—and it had a slightly hysterical edge.

He decided that would be the best time to slow down. Slow way down. He dragged his tongue along my outer folds, tracing them, but so slowly I thought I'd lose my mind. My breath grew short, and my body grew restless. But he held me tight and didn't let me move.

Moisture slipped out of me, and he added to it with his slow-moving, sloppy tongue—until he'd licked up all my juice and whispered, "I'm cleaning you."

"David, please, you're killing me."

"Oh, did you want to come?"

I barked laughter and managed not to slug him.

He looked at me for a long moment, then gave a decisive nod and went at me with a vengeance. This time there was no dragging, teasing slowness, just his tongue in a whirling dervish of motion.

His lips captured my clit, and he sucked and sucked until I gasped for air. Then he flicked my nub with his tongue until the pressure built in me and I

thought I'd blow into a million pieces.

"Put your fingers in me." I begged. My voice was gruff and needy.

He didn't bat an eyelash. He thrust his thick fingers inside my cunt and proceeded to fuck me with them as he sucked me.

I grabbed his head roughly and held him tight against me. His face was flush with my pussy. He curled his fingers and sucked my clit, and the pleasure hit me in one massive blast. Behind my closed eyelids, I saw stars—bright bursting stars of different colors as the orgasm swept me under. I let loose something akin to a war cry as my pussy clenched and trembled.

When I caught my breath, I stared down at him. "Marination, huh?"

He chuckled. "It's the best."

—B.D., Houston, Texas

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





LAST LICKS

JESSICA AND SKIN SNEAK IN ANOTHER QUICKIE
BEFORE HEADING TO WORK.





“I’LL ALWAYS MAKE TIME TO GET
A LITTLE PUSSY!”

—SKIN











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HIGHLAND FLING

A cozy getaway in Scotland brings this couple closer than they ever thought possible.

By Celine Rachelle

Even though I grew up in the American South, I'm more of a cold weather person by nature. I love the sound of wind and driving rain, or icy snow flicking against the windowpanes—all those elements that give me a cozy feeling when I'm curled up inside with a good book. And that's one of the reasons why I find the city of Edinburgh so appealing. The bracing Scottish weather—the gloom and mist, the sudden storms rolling in from the sea—suits my romantic temperament.

Of course, Edinburgh has a lot more going for it than dramatic weather. It's a craggy hillside city, beautifully situated on the Firth of Forth, an inlet of the North Sea. There are fine shops, gorgeous public gardens and world-class universities. Tree-lined Princes Street, the city's main boulevard, has got to be one of the loveliest thoroughfares in the world. And high on a windswept ridge, looming up over the medieval section of Edinburgh—the so-called Old Town—is an 11th century castle straight out of the novel *Ivanhoe*. You could hardly find a more picturesque sight in all of Europe.

It was late in the autumn last year when I visited Edinburgh for the first time. I was vacationing in the British Isles with my boyfriend, Colin—both of us work for a publishing house in Boston—and we were celebrating our first anniversary as a couple. After spending a week in London, we boarded a night train at King's Cross Station and headed north for Scotland.

The trip to Edinburgh takes about five hours, and it was well past midnight when we finally arrived. I was a sleepy girl by that point, so

after Colin fetched a cab and settled me into the backseat, I closed my eyes and rested my head against his shoulder.

Ten minutes later, the cab dropped us off at a boutique hotel in the Georgian District. We'd made reservations well in advance, and our room turned out to be a charming little cubbyhole tucked under the eaves of the building, with a working fireplace in one corner and a bay window that overlooked a small, leafy park.

**“THERE WAS AN
ORGASM
TREMBLING INSIDE
ME LIKE LIQUID IN
A FILLED-UP
GLASS.”**

As soon as we checked in, I took a shower while Colin began unpacking our bags. When I came out of the bathroom awhile later—nude, with my hair pinned up and my face scrubbed clean of makeup—Colin was lying on the bed on his stomach, casually paging through a travel brochure. He was in his birthday suit, and his adorable ass was gleaming like marble in the soft lamplight.

“God, you’ve got a cute butt,” I said to him.

Glancing up, he flashed a handsome smile at me before saying, “Well,

you’ve got a cute everything.”

Approaching the bed, I gave his rear end a squeeze, and then I lay down next to him and snuggled into the warmth of his body. I was tired, and what I needed just then was cuddling and soft, easygoing kisses—and that’s what Colin gave me. Half-asleep in his arms, lazily smooching with him, I felt myself floating off into a dreamy place.

“Poor baby,” Colin murmured. “You’re really beat, aren’t you?”

“Totally,” I yawned. “I’ll be perkier tomorrow, though.”

As I relaxed, he got down between my legs and started giving my pussy the same sort of gentle kisses he’d applied to my mouth. Then came a series of delicate licks, with his tongue running lightly over my labia. At first, I was more drowsy than horny, but gradually a nice sexual glow began warming my belly, and my sex juices started to flow freely.

Colin kept patiently licking my swollen pussy lips and teasing my clit.

“Nice, nice,” I whispered. “That’s so sweet...”

It really was, too—exactly the kind of sweet pussy-licking I’d needed at that moment. With my eyes closed and my legs splayed, I thought to myself: *I’ll give him a really good orgasm tomorrow. But right now I’ll just lay here and let him lick me.*

And so I did, holding on to my breasts and letting the joy he was giving me strengthen and become more insistent. Colin still hadn’t put his tongue inside me. He waited until he could tell I needed more. When he sensed my hunger, he extended his tongue and snaked it between my pussy lips, teasing my hole and



worming himself inside. At last his wide-open mouth was pressed firmly against my sex, and we were perfectly connected. He was breathing through his nose, and each time he exhaled, a rush of air tickled my clitoris and made my button feel even more desperate for attention.

"Oh, that's so good, honey," I said softly.

Curling my toes, I tightened my

cunt as his tongue continued to tease me. There was a shimmery orgasm trembling inside me like liquid in a filled-up glass, just waiting to spill over. When Colin sensed how close I was to coming, he focused all of his efforts on my clit. His rapidly flicking tongue brought a welcomed rush of pleasure as he skillfully coaxed me toward a climax that released all of my tension and helped me drift off

into a deep, grateful slumber.

When I woke up the next morning, a gusty wind was rattling the windowpanes and shaking the treetops in the park outside. Colin was still fast asleep, but I was as fresh as a daisy and full of energy. I was also horny, and when I reached beneath the quilt and took hold of Colin's cock, I was happy to find him already partially erect. He wasn't completely rigid,

EROTICA

but when I gently stroked his organ a little bit, he quickly went stone-hard. He was still asleep, but even though he was off in dreamland, his dick apparently had a mind of its own.

One thing Colin loves—and I suppose any man would, right?—is to wake up and find himself being blown. So I wriggled my way beneath the quilt, cupped his balls in one hand and placed my mouth on his knob. When I gave a little suck, he awoke and mumbled, “Sweetie? Where are you?”

Throwing aside the quilt, I smiled and said, “Down here, silly.”

“Hey, look at you.” He smiled back. Rubbing his eyes and yawning, he added, “What’s going on? What are you doing?”

“Well, I was going to give you a blowjob,” I said teasingly. “But since you’re already awake...”

“No, I’m still asleep.” He laughed. “See? My eyes are closed.”

Tickling his nuts with my nails, I returned my mouth to his cockhead and swirled my tongue around the ridge. There are many reasons why I love sucking Colin’s dick—chief among them, because it’s Colin’s. But it’s also

a real pleasure for me because his cock is so lovely. The shaft is long and slender and as smooth as alabaster, and the blush-pink head reminds me of an exotic tropical fruit. I was wearing red enamel on my nails that day, and I remember how pretty they looked against the pinkish flesh of his erection. My pinned-up hair had come undone, and as I bobbed my head on his cock, my tresses fell forward and tickled his groin.

“Why don’t you climb on for a ride?” Colin finally said.

Taking my mouth off his cock, I asked, “Are you sure?”

“As sure as I’ll ever be.”

I quickly scurried up his body and straddled his hips. With one hand, I steadied his shaft and placed his glistening knob against my opening, and then I sat right down, impaling myself on his steel-hard erection. Whoa, was I wet! I felt my face flush hotly and knew I must be blushing. I couldn’t believe how turned on I’d gotten from sucking his cock, but the evidence was undeniable.

I started sliding up and down on his lengthy pole—slowly at first, so that my breasts moved fluidly with me. But as my passion took hold, I began to ride him more vigorously, making my plush tits bounce wildly.

“You’re too beautiful,” Colin whispered hoarsely, keeping his eyes locked on mine.

He sounded so earnest, and his sincerity touched me deeply. I was rapidly approaching my climax and felt absolutely wild with passion.

“I’m almost there,” I panted, increasing my frenetic pace.

I licked my fingertips and then rubbed my clit fiercely. When I sensed Colin was about to shoot, I tried to time my climax with his. I manhandled myself in the way that I knew would get me off, and as I soared, Colin’s cock pulsed urgently and spurted



warm cream inside me.

Sometime later, after brunch at a little gem of an inn hidden away in a narrow alley, we set out for Edinburgh Castle. It was a long walk, and the day was gray and overcast, with a biting wind that smelled of sea salt. I was dressed for the weather, in slacks and a trench coat with a woolen tam pulled down over my ears. The brisk wind made my cheeks ruddy but didn't bother me much.

As I mentioned earlier, the castle is set on a high ridge, something like 800 feet above the surrounding city. And the view, once we scaled the heights, was really breathtaking. To the north, we could see the 18th century Georgian District where our hotel was located; and to the east, across the tightly packed rooftops of Old Town, the steely glint of the Firth of Forth was visible.

The castle itself is a massive structure, grim and forbidding, with crenellated towers and cannons poking out from the stone walls. We spent a few hours inside the place, touring the weapons collection in the Great Hall and then visiting the royal apartments. In one of the tiny rooms I peeked into—it was hardly bigger than a walk-in closet—Mary, Queen of Scots had long ago given birth to James I, the future King of England.

Afterward, in the gloom of late afternoon, we did some shopping on Princes Street. Besides a few touristy items for friends back in the States, I bought a cable-knit cardigan and a pleated skirt in a black-watch plaid; and then we stopped at a pub and had sandwiches and a pot of tea. Sitting there in the smoky little pub, munching on my sandwich, I filled out a bunch of postcards and then had Colin sign his name alongside mine.

"What would I do without you?" he asked with a smile. "You're Miss Efficiency, aren't you?"



"I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW TURNED ON I'D GOTTEN FROM SUCKING HIS COCK."

"That's me," I said cheerfully. Taking off my tam, I dropped it on the table and ran my fingers through my hair. "Does my hair look all right?" I asked. "Sure, you're fine. You're the best looking lass in here."

I think I might have been the only lass in there, as the other woman present had a few decades on me. I laughed, but I knew Colin was being loving. We settled up our tab and headed out.

By the time we made it back to the

hotel, it was dark and dank and bitterly cold. Our room was chilly, and while I drew a hot bath, Colin got a peat fire going in the hearth. Once the chill was off the room, we stripped naked, poured out tumblers of Scotch whisky and sank into the large tub together.

Swirling my drink in my hand, I placed my feet on Colin's shoulders and wiggled my red-painted toes. My heavy breasts were floating buoyantly in the water, and the sight of them had given Colin a hard-on. It was touching really, the way the sight of my bare breasts always stiffened his dick. He'd seen my tits about a zillion times, but he was still crazy about them. That pleased me somehow.

After a moment, I put one of my feet between his legs and tickled his stiffening dick with my toes.

"What do you wanna do with this thing?" I asked him. "Put it between my tits, maybe?"

I posed the question because his gaze kept drifting toward my ample bosom.

"I wouldn't mind."



"I bet you wouldn't," I laughed.

We drained our drinks and climbed out of the tub to dry each other with big, fluffy towels, pausing now and then to do a little kissing and petting. Then I laid myself down on the luxurious throw rug that was situated in front of the glowing fireplace. The room was now cozy, and my own temperature was rising.

Ready to play, I ran a couple of fingers along my dripping slit, picking up some of my slick moisture. I smeared the sticky honey between my breasts and then took hold of my tits, holding the fleshy globes together to make an enticing tunnel.

Once Colin positioned himself above me, he pushed his eager hard-on into my cleavage. I squeezed my plush titties even closer together, enveloping his cock with my breasts and intertwining the tips of my fingers.

"Go ahead, love," I said to him. "And come on me, too. I want to watch you shoot."

"Don't you want to get laid?"

"Sure, but we have all night. You'll get another hard-on, right?"

"MY ORGASM BURST FROM WITHIN ME, RELEASING AN EXPLOSION OF BLISS."

"With you? How can I not," he answered with a wicked grin.

Colin began rocking his hips, driving his dick back and forth between my voluminous boobs. I narrowed my eyes and studied his face. Gradually, a sheen of sweat appeared on his forehead, and then he closed his long-lashed eyes and parted his lips slightly. I loved watching him like this, being able to see the subtle changes that came over his face as his pleasure intensified. It was like looking into the deepest recesses of his soul.

"That's it, baby," I breathed. "Fuck my titties, sweetheart."

His prick sliding smoothly between my tits felt nice and warm, and I kept squeezing my breasts more and more tightly in my hands to give him the friction he needed to shoot. I liked smothering his cock in the flesh of my tits. It was so dirty to feel his hard-on slip-sliding back and forth as he groaned above me.

"Do it, Colin," I said, egging him on. "Come on my tits, honey. Do it!"

I kept up my commentary, knowing my words were bringing him closer to the edge. Finally, a look of anguish or rapture—they were indistinguishable at this point—lit up his features. *There he goes*, I said in my mind. I'd barely formed the thought before he cried out and splattered his sticky cream all over my throat and chest.

I felt a twisted sense of accomplishment that I was able to help him get off in this way. He looked nearly decimated by bliss.

As Colin slumped forward and more or less toppled off me, I let go of my breasts and the puddle of semen he'd deposited ran off in dribbles, streaking my sweaty flesh. There was a bath towel nearby, so I snatched it to clean up quickly. Curling up next to Colin on the floor, belly to belly, I gave him a kiss on the cheek and took his deflated member in my hand. It seemed so sweet and harmless, but I knew in moments he'd be raring to go again.

With his eyes closed, he laid his hand on the curve of my hip and splayed his fingers. The fire crackled and flared up briefly, and I felt all toasty-warm. I could smell the musky scent of Colin perfuming my body, and it stirred me up down below. Not that I needed much stirring—watching him shoot off all over my tits did something to me. I was already dripping wet.

I snuggled closer and caressed his cock until it wasn't so soft anymore,

but I still had some work to do.

I licked my palm and began to stroke and tug and stretch his shaft until it was fully erect and Colin was panting. After pushing him onto his back, I straddled his hips and easily took his cock inside me. Colin placed his hands on my rump and yanked me closer, making his dick hit bottom.

Feeling him enter me so sharply and so fully made me gasp. I leaned forward and kissed him full on the mouth. It was a tender moment but still fraught with sexual tension. Our carnal connection was fanning the flames of our lust. I practically felt like I was vibrating. My mind went blank as I grew dizzy, and then realized I was starting to come. But this climax wasn't a slow burn. As soon it was triggered, my orgasm burst from within me, releasing an explosion of bliss that radiated outward and affected every part of my body. My muscles clenched as ecstasy consumed me before releasing me from its beautiful grip.

Wordless exclamations flew from my lips as I writhed wildly. I felt my pussy spasming, clutching and releasing his cock, giving his beautiful shaft an indecent massage. When he suddenly trembled beneath me and released a pulse of hot cream, I felt another small orgasm shimmer through my body. The sudden overwhelming rush practically liquefied me, demolishing me with its intensity.

Colin and I stayed in Edinburgh for another three days—just long enough for a storm to blow in and dust the city with snow. And long enough, too, for Colin to go down on one knee and propose to me one magical frosty night.

We got married a few months after we returned to the States. But in my secret heart, it seemed to me that we'd already sealed our commitment to each other in that mist-ridden city on the Firth of Forth. ☪





LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Julie can't wait for another date—she needs to get laid and isn't shy about asking for what she needs.

When I met Julie I'd only been with a few girls, and while I didn't consider myself a sex expert, I didn't consider myself a newbie, either. But I knew she was special from the get-go. The kind of girl I could end up being with for good. She was tall and toned with a true hourglass figure. She had mouthwatering tits, a small waist and hips that flared out in the most enticing way.

I wanted to woo her properly. I didn't want to try to get into her pants right out of the gate.

She was the one who wanted to turn our good-night kiss into something more.

Her lips tasted like the strawberry daiquiri she'd had during our date. I cupped the back of her head when I kissed her, sifting her corn-silk hair through my fingers. It was ridiculously soft, just like her mouth. Her tongue brushed over mine, and she closed the tiny gap between our bodies by stepping closer to me.

Her erect nipples poked at my chest, even through our clothes—confirming what I'd guessed: She wasn't wearing a bra. She rubbed her fingers over my fly, putting pressure on my growing erection.

"We could go inside," she said, nodding toward her closed front door.

It sounds weird, but she was the only girl I hadn't wanted to sleep with on the first date.

I wanted our first time to be perfect. Maybe that was a sappy idea, but I didn't want to screw this thing up. We were starting something good; I could feel it in my bones.

"Let's wait," I said against her throat before kissing her there. Then I licked the same spot. Then I bit.

Julie moaned and asked, "But why?"

"Because I want it to be..." I pulled back and looked down at her. Her big blue eyes were attentive, and I felt my face get hot. I shook my head.

"What?" she asked. "You can tell me."

She curled her fingers against my stiffening cock. I'd have given anything for my jeans to fall off just then, so she'd be touching my fevered flesh.

"I like you," I said, sliding my hands along her hips and over her ass to cup her cheeks. Was I really about to say

she said, laughing, "But I can wait. I can behave."

I grabbed the back of her head and pulled her in for an animalistic kiss.

"Open the door," I growled against her mouth.

"Did you change your mind?" she asked hopefully.

"No, but I want to give you something to tide you over."

"You don't have to—"

"I don't have to do anything," I said. "But I want to. Can I?"

She nodded, then finally put the key in her apartment door. The moment we were inside, I slammed it behind us and pressed her up against the wall. I lifted her little dress and yanked down her panties, kneeling at her feet. She looked down at me and ran a hand through my hair.

I touched her slit with my tongue. She was already wet, and I groaned against her, making her shiver and sigh. I delivered a deliberately strong lick, and she wriggled wildly. I traced her outer lips, nibbled at her inner lips and ran the flat of my tongue along her clit before flicking it rapidly. She widened her stance, and I held her hips tight, going at her like a starving man. She mashed her pussy against my face, seeking more of what I was giving her.

She whispered, "Put your finger inside me."

I did as she asked, and my cock stiffened instantly. She was monumentally tight. Tighter than I could imagine a woman being. Having her grip my finger wiped my mind clean of rational thought, and I wondered what she would feel like when I finally got my dick inside her.

"Harder," she insisted.

I finger-banged her and licked her greedily. I wanted to change my mind.

**"I FUCKED HER
WITH MY FINGER,
AND BEFORE
LONG SHE WAS
COMING, HARD
AND FAST."**

those words? Was I really about to turn her down? The answer was yes. "When we finally do the deed, I'd like it to be a night to remember."

Instead of looking pissed, she looked pleased. "That's very sweet. I can wait. I'm not that hot to trot."

I knew she was lying, and I couldn't help chuckling.

Julie took my hand and brushed it over the front of her short cotton dress, then held it against her mound. My fingers cupped her pussy lips, which felt plump and firm.

"It's all puffy," she said. "Because I want you."

I must have looked stricken because



Pull her down to the floor. Fuck her and then fuck her again. I wanted to retract everything I had said about waiting and bury my cock inside her cunt.

She bucked her hips toward me and held my head. I tried to breathe. I couldn't—but what a way to go! I flicked her and licked her and lapped at her. I fucked her with my finger, and before long she was coming, hard and fast—and loud.

When I sat back and looked up at her, she smiled the lazy, blissful smile of a satisfied woman.

"Want to change your mind?"

I did, but I shook my head. "No. But I want that perfect night to be soon."

"What are you doing tomorrow?" she asked, her voice full of hopeful expectation.

"Sounds like I'll be picking up a beautiful woman and showing her a good time."

"How?" she asked, seeming as if she was on tenterhooks. Gone was her look of satisfaction. She seemed to be close to bursting with sexual hunger.

"Dinner? Movie? Walk? Museum? Any or all. What would you like?"

She held out her hand, and I took it, rising to stand before her. She smashed herself against me, kissing me.

"I'd like us to do the sex part first, and some of the other stuff afterward. I don't know if you noticed, but I want you. I can wait until this perfect day, but not much longer."

I nodded, swallowing hard. "Okay,

we can do that," I reassured her.

Then I kissed her good-night and left before I really did change my mind. Half way home, I had to pull the car over. I was on the shoulder. It was an utterly dark stretch of road, with no streetlights for at least a mile. I masturbated furiously, remembering how her cunt felt swallowing my finger. How tight it was around my thrusting digit. How it rippled and squeezed me as her orgasm rocked her.

I came in under a minute, shooting into a crumbled napkin. Then I took a deep breath and started the car.

"Tomorrow," I said aloud to myself and finished my short drive home.

The next night, I knocked on her door,

LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



feeling a little odd knowing I was there for “the sex first.” But when she opened the door—wearing a pair of gray leggings and a long white tee that clearly had no bra beneath it—all odd feelings fled immediately.

“Wow,” I said. Then: “I mean, hi. But wow.”

She reached out and snagged my wrist, pulling hard enough that I nearly tipped over as I crossed her threshold. “Hurry.”

“Hurry?”

“Yes.” She slammed the door behind us and locked it. She stood on tiptoe and kissed me, pressing her body against mine.

Just like that my dick was as hard as a rock. Readier than I’d ever been to be with a woman.

“I want you to do what you did before. Again,” she said.

I blinked, slightly confused. Her cheeks were rosy, her breath quick. She laughed. “I’ve been thinking about your tongue since you did that, and now I want more.”

My cock was too hard for me to think straight. But when she pressed on my shoulders, I understood immediately. I took the hint and sank to my knees.

**“HER LONG HAIR
SWIRLED
AROUND HER
FACE, HER BODY
UNDULATING LIKE
A MERMAID.”**

I could have taken her to the sofa or her bed, but right there, where I’d done it the night before, felt perfect.

I reached for the waistband of her leggings, but she was quicker, pushing them down just before I could. No panties. I tried the hem of her tee, but she beat me once again, whisking off the thin covering. There she stood, utterly naked and perfect.

“Hurry,” she said. “I’m wet already.”

I pushed a finger into her eagerly and curled it. The moment I sank into her my cock grew harder, something I’d thought to be impossible. I lapped her slit eagerly,

savoring the taste of her, light and sweet with a hint of the ocean. She smelled like coconut and cocoa butter.

I sucked her clit and slowly pushed a second finger inside her. Her pussy accommodated me but immediately squeezed my fingers. I found myself humping the air without realizing it. She didn’t notice; she was lost in the way I was flicking my tongue over her hard little clit.

“Good, that’s good. Perfect,” she murmured. She continued to babble as I ate her. “So good. Your tongue is so hot and good, and oh—right there!”

I felt her pussy growing tighter still around my fingers as she got closer to orgasm. In fact, she got ridiculously tight. My mind whirled as I thought about how I’d soon get to slide balls-deep into that snug little cunt.

She grabbed the back of my head and mashed herself against me. And then she was coming, her pussy rippling around my fingers and her juices rushing over my tongue. She dropped to her knees and kissed me, licking her own essence off of my lips. I pinched one perfect pink nipple and sucked the other. She wiggled in my arms, sighed in my ear and practically pushed me back onto the carpet.

Her small hands worked at my belt buckle and then my jeans. I tried to help, but she pushed me away, laughing at her own eagerness to strip me.

She unfastened my pants, and I lifted my hips without being told. My cock was so hard; she had trouble tugging my boxer briefs down over it, but she persevered.

When she finally got my dick free, she groaned. “You’re so thick.”

But more than that, my cock was so hard and so ready to fuck that it absolutely ached with need.

She leaned over and licked the tip, and I thought for a moment I might black out. Her skin was warm against mine where we touched. She flicked her tongue over the slit in the tip of my erection, and

I shivered because the pleasure was nearly unbearable.

She looked up at me with her big, blue eyes wide and alert as she sucked my cockhead into her mouth. She drew on me rhythmically—once, twice, three times—then flicked her tongue along the top like she was lapping at a lollipop.

The visual of her mouth on me was nearly as good as the feel of it. I thrust up into her face. Her hair fell forward in a curtain and tickled my legs. I thrust upward again.

Pulling away for a deep breath, she whispered, “You’re salty on my tongue.”

A glistening pearl of pre-come was forming at my cockhead. She lapped it up eagerly, and I had nothing to say in return. I just groaned helplessly.

She stuffed my cock in her mouth, and then further into her throat. I watched her plump pink lips travel down my shaft and stop only an inch from my base.

“Jesus,” I said.

She laughed, and the vibration of her mirth rumbled up through me.

I pushed her off gently. “No more. Not yet. I don’t want to come yet.”

Then I thought of that pussy of hers, how tight it was, and I realized I probably wouldn’t last long there anyway.

Julie led me to her bed and dropped onto her back. I stared down at her and realized I wanted to do everything to her, with her. All the positions, all the experimenting, all the fucking.

I was broken out of my spell by the sight of her reaching for me. I decided on good, old-fashioned missionary, at first. I wanted to be looking in those beautiful eyes when my cock slid into her tight pussy for the first time.

She pulled her legs up and parted them wider, opening herself to me. I ran my dick along her glistening slit, mesmerized by the sight and the feel of her. Mesmerized by how much I wanted her. I pushed in the tip of my erection and studied her face. Her eyes fluttered shut and then popped open as she attempted

to keep her gaze locked on mine.

I pulled out and rubbed the wet head of my dick across her swollen clit, running my sensitive glans along her hard nub, making both of us jolt. I returned to her entrance and slid inside a bit more, then withdrew. I repeated the act a few times, gritting my teeth to keep my focus. I was trapped by how good it felt—how good she felt. Finally, she grabbed my forearms and stared me in the eye.

“You need to put it in me.”

I grunted.

“Or I’ll lose my mind,” she whispered, gripping my hips and giving me a tug to encourage me.

That was all I needed to end my teasing foreplay. I pushed against her pussy and inched in. I went as slow as I could stand, so I could savor every second of it.

She gripped me tight and tugged once more, but I held back. I smiled down at her. “Don’t rush a good thing. Enjoy it.”

She blushed and shook her head, but she smiled and relaxed, letting me advance slowly and moaning when I was finally seated fully inside her. I didn’t pull out this time. I just rocked against her, moving in and out, and feeling the grip

and tug of her incredible pussy.

“You feel so good,” I said, pressing my body flat against hers. Her breasts mashed against my bare chest as her hips banged mine. I felt every twitch and clench of that pussy as I fucked her, while her expressive eyes flashed.

I rocked from side to side and observed how her eyes clouded with lust. I pinned her hands down by her hips and put my full weight on her. Every short thrust pushed me against her softest, wettest places—places that squeezed my cock intensely.

“Oh...oh...” she panted in my ear as I moved in and out of her.

When her cunt rippled like a wave around me, I bit the tip of my tongue. I didn’t want to be done. I wasn’t done. But Jesus Christ, feeling her body grip me that way pushed me so close I thought I’d scream.

I pulled out of her pussy and knelt near her mouth. She rose, and I grabbed a handful of her hair, guiding her mouth to my dick. She licked her juices off my shaft before sucking me in and gliding her lips down the entire length of my shaft. She drew on me over and over again until the



LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



world shut down and narrowed to nothing but the feel of her mouth on me.

"Turn over," I said, pulling back. My voice was deep and rough, and I barely recognized it.

She licked my shaft one last time. I resisted the urge to grab the back of her head and keep her there—to fuck her mouth until I came.

Instead, I urged her to get on her hands and knees with her pert little ass held high. Her cunt was red and swollen—and ripe for fucking. I studied her slowly, making her squirm under my gaze, then I slid my fingers along her puffy folds, gathering moisture so when I got to her clit my fingers slid along that tight knot of flesh easily.

"Oh," she said again, and I smiled. That seemed to be her go-to good-feeling noise.

I pressed my cockhead to her slit and grabbed ahold of her hips. She was meaty where it counted most. I squeezed her tight and slid into her syrupy depths.

I wanted to fuck her with utter abandon, but I wanted the moment to last. I wanted it to be a first time—not an only.

Every time I thrust into Julie, she drove back to take me. Her long hair swirled around her face, her lithe body undulating like a mermaid coursing through the surf.

She was gorgeous, and her body was a treasure of unending pleasure.

She squeezed me deliberately, and I moaned, fucking her a bit faster. I pushed my fingertips into her skin and held on tight.

I slowed my pace. It was torture for both of us, I think—but good torture. When I slid in carefully and deep, she gasped. Then I withdrew just as slowly, hearing her groan impatiently. I did that repeatedly as she grew ever tighter around me.

Julie reached a hand beneath her body, and I felt the hurried brush of her fingertips against my ball sac as she stroked her clit. The notion nearly made me lose it. I jammed my dick into her, and she came suddenly, tossing her head

back and crying out to the ceiling.

I felt like I was going to explode. My body was one big, pulsing nerve ending. I thrust a few more times to feel the aftershocks of her orgasm. Her flesh clutched and released me in a hypnotic rhythm.

I pulled out of her to catch my breath, and she turned around on her hands and knees. Her eyes were shiny and wide, her face dominated by a smile. She put a hand on my chest and pushed me flat, then crawled down my body to take my shiny cock in her mouth.

Every beat of my heart echoed within my pulsing dick. But my hunger was soothed by her tender mouth. She sucked the tip of my cock, and I growled. Her fingers traveled across the tops of my thighs, stroking me. Then she cupped my balls, giving a gentle squeeze. My hips shot up, and I sucked in a breath. I was so close to coming, so very close, with the velvet feel of her mouth tormenting me.

Julie stroked my balls and then my ass cheeks. I knew where she was going, and I let her. She pushed a spit-slickened finger into my ass and curled it the way I did when I put my fingers in her. The brush of that fingertip just where I needed sent a burst of pleasure through me like a lightning bolt. My dick seemed ridiculously hard. I was shocked that I hadn't shot my load already. The only explanation was my sheer willpower.

She sucked me for a few more moments before stopping. Then she asked with a smile, "Permission to climb aboard?"

If I didn't come soon I thought I might explode.

I nodded, and she straddled me, positioning my cock at her entrance. As she hovered above me, she ran a finger over her clitoris. I heard her hum as she began to sink down on me, flicking her puffy button. My cock disappeared inside her gradually, even as I felt her sweet pussy clamp down on my rod. My

"I WAS GOING TO EXPLODE. MY BODY WAS ONE BIG, PULSING NERVE ENDING."

hips shot up, and I clutched her black bedsheets. Then I decided to clutch her hips instead as she fucked me. She rose up so far, I almost fell free of her snug cunt, but she managed to stay impaled. Then she slammed down fast and hard, taking me deep inside her.

I rocked up under her, holding her hips and dragging her down with every upward motion of my body.

"Take that cock," I growled. "Take it deep."

"Yes," she said, nodding with her eyes closed. She cupped her breasts

and pistoned her hips. She pinched her nipples and rocked against me. I felt her squeeze me tight with her internal muscles and knew I was doomed.

"Again," I said.

And she did it again, coming like a beautiful wild thing.

I groaned desperately, hovering on the verge of bliss until I tumbled over the edge.

The first jolt of joy hit me, and my orgasm knocked me for a loop and stole my breath. I jerked under her, and she kept riding me. When I'd emptied my balls into her and my final spasms had passed, I pulled her down on top of me.

"What do you want to do now? We did the sex part first. Just like you wanted." I couldn't help but laugh, saying the words out loud.

"We can do any of the things you mentioned," she said. "Orrrr..."

"Or?"

"Or we can stay in, regroup and go for round two."

"I like the way you think, lady," I replied.

—B.D., Atlanta, Georgia





VIDEO VIXENS

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“JUST WAIT—OUR SEQUEL WILL
BLOW YOU AWAY!”

—KATIE









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LETTER OF THE MONTH

SQUIRM

While Tom loves to tease, his ladylove shows that two can play that game.

It was early Sunday morning, and I could hear my neighbor running his lawnmower already. He was the kind of man who measured the blades of grass to see if they were even. I'd actually witnessed him once pull out a pair of scissors and trim a spot on his front lawn. I rolled into the warmth of Tom's arms and sighed.

"Listen to that jackass," he said with a chuckle. Tom ran his thumbnail back and forth along my shoulder.

I laughed and snuggled deeper into his embrace. The sun was fighting our blackout blinds, but they blissfully stood their ground and kept much of the light at bay. The room was brighter than nighttime but much dimmer than what you'd expect for such a sunny day. I hummed softly as Tom dragged his fingernail down my back and then up to my nape again. I was naked, all of my skin exposed to his teasing touch.

"Then again, the poor guy doesn't have a sexy woman to linger with in bed. His wife would definitely take the trophy in an ugly contest."

I snorted and swatted him. "Tom! You're terrible!"

"What? You know it's true."

"She's like 80."

"But when you're 80," he said, "you'll still be smoking-hot. I have no doubt. Ugly is ugly. It has nothing to do with age."

I moved closer and felt the nudge of his hard-on against my body.

He dragged that nail down my back again, but that time he dug deeper, working the muscle. It wasn't painful, but it made me squirm. The move left me feeling some sort of weird cross between annoyance and arousal. I wriggled in his arms and let out a small cry.

"Jeesh!"

"I hope that didn't hurt you. Did it?"

"No," I replied, flexing my back a bit.

He did it again, and again my whole body went haywire, wiggling and jumping. Tom tightened his grip on me and did it once more.

"Oh, my God. Stop," I gasped unconvincingly. Deep down I wanted more, and he knew it.

I shivered and noticed that his hard-on seemed much more eager all of a sudden. Not just morning wood, but true, undeniable arousal.

"Does it hurt?" He grinned at me.

**"I STARTED
STRUM MY CLIT AS
HE FUCKED ME
WITH A
DELICIOUSLY
BRUTAL INTENSITY!"**

"No! But it doesn't feel good, either. Well, not exactly." I was confused by the sensation, to be honest.

He leered at me and then thrust his hips forward to bump me with his stiff dick, which was straining against his briefs. My own passion had flared, oddly augmented somehow by the scratch-tickle-scape thing he'd been doing.

"I like to make you squirm," he said, with his mouth pressed to my earlobe.

That made me squirm even more. My pussy was wet, my heart beating rapidly. The hum-growl-grind of the lawnmower was some kind of primal, rhythmic background music as he flipped me onto

my back and spread my legs. He moved down my body and kissed a hot path as he traveled. His hands slid beneath my ass, and he held me there. He licked me, wetting me with his tongue. He sucked my clit hard, and when I hissed, he sucked it harder. His tongue toured my folds, and he paused to nibble at my mound. His teeth were sharp, making me jolt, before he returned to lapping me gently. His fingers slipped inside me, curling softly against my sensitive hot spot until he made me come.

I had my hands buried in his dark hair and his beard tickled my inner thighs.

"Come up, come up," I begged.

He moved upward to straddle my torso, and I tugged at his gray boxer briefs.

"Off," I said.

He took them off and resumed his position.

I motioned with my hands, urging him closer to my mouth as I commanded, "Up."

He obeyed, scooting until his knees bracketed my shoulders. He put his hands against the headboard to steady himself. He pushed his cock against my pout, and I darted my tongue out to lick him. His pre-come was deliciously salty. He moaned and drove past my parted lips. I gave him a suck, drawing on him. He began to fuck my mouth in earnest, driving deeper as he pushed into my throat.

Finally, he let out a growl and pulled free. He covered my body with his, and his cock entered me easily. My pussy was soaking wet and oh-so-ready as he started to rock against me.

I pulled my legs up high and opened my body to him so he could hit me just right and take me where I needed to go. Every thrust drove his pubic bone against my clit. Every rasp of friction inched me closer to coming.

He settled almost his full weight on me,

sliding his arm beneath my head as he drove into my clutching cunt. He held me close and moved faster, and then faster still, when he heard my breath catch.

"Come for me, baby," he murmured.

He thrust gently then, and when his cock hit me just right I came. Honey rushed out of me suddenly as utter bliss exploded within me.

Tom growled and withdrew. He flipped me onto my belly and shoved a pillow beneath me, before knocking my legs wide and driving into me once more.

With only a few hard, deep strokes, he was coming, his cock pulsing within me as he filled me with his hot load.

Tom's fingers tickled down my back, and I shivered with delight.

"God, I love to watch you squirm."

Excitement curled through me. Because I love it, too.

I woke up Tuesday morning to Tom pushing his dick against my backside. I squinted at the clock on our tall dresser.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me!" I exclaimed when I noticed the time.

"What?" He laughed softly.

"It's just past seven. You'd better do something with that," I said of his cock. "Especially now that you've gone to the trouble of waking me up with it."

"Oh, I plan on it," he said, pinching my butt cheek.

Mid-yawn, I let out a yowl and jerked away from him.

His big arm wrapped around me and tugged me back against his body. My ass was flush with his groin, his unfettered cock riding the cleft between my naked ass cheeks.

"Tom—"

He pinched me again, and I bucked. But then a sigh escaped my lips, and my pussy grew incredibly damp.

"There she is, dancing in my arms," he said on a sigh.

I rolled my eyes. Him and his squirming thing. But as his fingers tickled my butt cheek and didn't actually pinch, I realized how much it turned me on. The suspense.



LETTER OF THE MONTH

The not knowing. The small things he did that made me shimmy and shake. They all added to my extreme anticipation and then the incredibly hot sex. Well, to be honest sex was always good with Tom, but after this kind of teasing foreplay it was spectacular.

He could tell my mind had drifted. To refocus my attention, his fingers found a sweet spot and pinched. I jolted, but I also moaned with abandon.

"Oh, she likes that, doesn't she? The little pinches..." His fingers tickled down my thigh and then over my mound. I steeled myself for the perfectly sharp pain—but he left me hanging. "The little pinches that may or may not come. Sometimes it's just my fingers teasing you." His digits skittered up my hips and across my lower back. The sensation was half tickle, half soothing. I felt my body relaxing, despite itself.

Then the pinch came, and I bounced on the bed like a flopping fish. I felt my pulse thump where he'd goosed me—and that beat pounded in my pussy, too.

He flipped me onto my belly roughly then, and grabbed my hips. The fast,

animalistic nature of his movements caught me off guard, and I groaned with indecent pleasure. We weren't prudes in the bedroom, but we were usually more romantic. This was straight-out fucking—and I loved it.

Tom grabbed my hips hard and shoved himself into me. He rocked against my body, not pulling back very far, but driving harshly on each inward stroke. He grabbed my hair and held it tight. He tugged my head back as he thrust his hips forward, and I felt a shimmer of pain flare along my scalp. Not too much, though. It was the kind of pain that amplified my pleasure as he jammed his cock into me just right.

"Touch yourself," he growled.

I started to strum my clit as he fucked me with a deliciously brutal intensity. Then he slowed down, pulling nearly free of my clutching passage before sharply sinking into me balls-deep. He kept doing that, making me buck each time he bottomed out. I traced eager circles over my clitoris and moved back to take as much of him as I could.

I heard him spit softly and knew what

was coming. I waited for it and then felt the brush of his wet thumb against my asshole.

"You like that. I know you do. You like something in both holes"

I squirmed in earnest, eyes shut and fingers flying as I desperately craved that thumb in my ass. I wanted it so much I couldn't process any other thought. He knew having my asshole played with got me off, and he teased me by doing it often.

Tom massaged my sensitive back hole and thrust hard and fast into my cunt as I continued to work my clit until I came with a bellow. My pussy spasmed around his thrusting shaft, drawing on his dick. He grunted because I was snug in general—or so he'd told me—but he'd also told me when I came my cunt grew impossibly tight.

"There's my girl. My dirty little girl."

His voice was husky, and I could tell he was getting close to his own climax. I knew that playing with my asshole and making me come so fast and hard had amped up his pleasure.

"Do it again," I whispered, knowing damn well I was egging him on. Pushing him toward his own orgasm.

He growled and fucked me faster. He inched his thumb deeper into my ass slowly as I stroked my tender clit. I was so wet the tops of my thighs were drenched.

"Do it!"

He pushed it in fast and groaned like he was dying. His hips pistoned sharply as he fucked me. He was so close to an explosive climax, I had no doubt. But so was I. The feeling of his dick filling my pussy and his thumb breaching my ass was bliss. I was so overwhelmed with pressure and friction and pleasure that I couldn't focus. My fingers slipped over my clitoris in messy whorls, and I lurched backward, desperate for cock.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered.

I sighed, and then he barked, "I'm coming, I'm coming."

Those words sent me over the edge, and my own climax washed over me like



“TOM THRUST HARD INTO MY CUNT AS I CONTINUED TO WORK MY CLIT UNTIL I CAME.”



a dark wave. I cried out as I came and shivered beneath him as he continued to clutch my hips. We both stopped writhing and disengaged before we collapsed together in a tangle of limbs. I started laughing and turned over to face him. He grabbed me, kissing me fiercely.

“We’ve still got it,” he said.

“Oh yeah. And I can’t wait.”

“Can’t wait?” He cocked an eyebrow at me.

“Yep. Can’t wait to see how you’re going to get me to squirm next time.”

“Is that right?”

I nodded. I knew he’d take those words as a challenge. And a few days later I reaped the delicious rewards.

“Can you come in here?” Tom yelled from the kitchen.

I was spread out on the floor cutting sections for a quilt, and I actually groaned when he requested my presence. I piled the fabric scraps neatly, climbed to my feet and went into the kitchen, ready to grumble.

“Hey, does this hurt any?” he asked, quickly wrapping an arm around me and tugging me against his chest. He swatted my butt with what I’d guessed to be a wooden spoon. It hit me full on the ass cheek, and my thin leggings offered no comfort or protection. He hit me again, and I let out groan and shivered in his arms.

“Oh, that makes you squirm, doesn’t it?”

The moment he said the word I felt my pussy go wet. I was getting to the point of being trained to get wet on command. The moment he said “squirm,” I was nearly ready to be fucked.

“No,” I answered. But I was lying, and we both knew it.

“Are you sure?” He did it again, and I quaked. “It seems to...”

He laid down one more stroke of the spoon, and then pushed his hand down into my pants. His fingers glided easily over my clit. I froze and let him stroke me. His mouth pressed against my earlobe, his hot breath making goosebumps all over my body.

“See that? How wet you are? All I have to do is make you squirm and shiver and shake...” He pushed a thick finger inside me and curled it. “Just a little bit. And then you’re wet and ready, and I can fuck you like nobody’s business.”

I found I was nodding mindlessly as he spoke. I agreed with every word Tom said because he was stroking me, fucking me with his fingers and trapping me against him.

I tilted my hips and squeezed my pussy around his fingers. I sighed when he kissed the back of my neck and then nipped me with his teeth. I wriggled madly, and when he turned me in his arms and kissed me, I collapsed against him, parted my lips and took his tongue as he thrust it against mine.

His lips were soft and warm, and his hands slid along my hips and ass. He dropped the wooden spoon on the floor, and it clattered, making me jump. He chuckled.

“You like when I jump?” I asked, smiling.

He cupped my ass in his hands and hauled me to him. I felt the press of his erection against the cleft of my pussy lips.

“I like when you jump. I like when you wiggle. I like when your eyes go wide and you make that surprised noise and you breathe harder.”

He pushed my leggings down, and I stepped out of them.

“I like anything that makes your cheeks go rosy and your pupils dilate,” he said.

He pushed my panties down and then motioned for me to raise my arms. When I did, he tugged my tee over my head. I was bare beneath, and he grunted. He hefted one heavy breast in his hand and then leaned forward to suck my nipple. He drew hard on the pink tip, and I felt the tug of it in my belly and lower still, in my pussy. I sighed and let my head tip back.

“I like anything that gets you wet and ready, love.” He murmured the words against my skin as he kissed a path across my chest to my other nipple. Then he used his teeth, and I gasped. He laughed, his hot breath washing over me. “Like that.”

His hand cupped my pussy, and he squeezed. I felt the thump and bang of

LETTER OF THE MONTH

my pulse beating wildly in my clit.

"Like that," I said lunging forward.

He walked me backward toward the kitchen counter and put his hands on my hips. "Up you go, lovely lady"

When he lifted, I hopped, and he set me down fairly gently on the counter. Then he looked me in the eye as he unbuttoned his jeans and his cock sprang free.

"I have something to make you squirm," he said, raising an eyebrow as he teased me.

I laughed. I couldn't help it, but my

pussy was so wet and ready it was nearly unbearable.

He grabbed my hips and squeezed hard. I moaned, knowing what was coming. He dragged me forward to the lip of the counter and pushed his cock against my wet entrance. But he didn't enter me.

"Jesus, Tom—"

"Shh," he said. He pushed forward slowly, his cock just barely entering me. Just the tip.

I chewed my lower lip and tried not to whimper. I failed when he thrust forward very slowly and pushed into me another inch.

I gritted my teeth and tried to hold myself still, tried to focus on my breathing, tried to be Zen. I failed when he reached up and brushed his fingertips over my nipple.

I whimpered, I wriggled, I looked at him and craned my neck forward, kissing him desperately.

"Please," I said. "Please fuck me."

He groaned, and that was that. His fingers dug into my ass as he drove into me. I perched there on the edge of the

counter as he slid in and out of me—easily and fluidly. I was soaking wet and so eager. His cock glided with ease.

I tossed my head, and my tousled locks tickled my bare back. Tom licked a hot line up my throat, then nibbled that same trail. When I sighed, he nipped me hard, and I came, my pussy milking his driving dick.

"There we go," he said. "There's my girl!"

His thumb found my clit, working it as he continued to fuck me. He slowed his rhythm, and transfixed, he watched his dick thrust in and out of me, swirling his thumb over my swollen button.

My own pleasure began to build again as I watched him watching us.

"You feel so good," I murmured, knowing that would set *him* off. "Your big cock filling me up. The way you touch me. You feel so fucking good."

His pace increased, and he moaned, a deep intense sound. He rubbed my clit, and his other hand clenched my hips as his pelvis continually rocked against me.

"I can't hold it together. I feel like I'm going to explode." I whispered it in his ear, and he made another rough sound, bucking against me.

"Fuck," he said.

"Does this make *you* squirm?" I asked, squeezing him with my pussy muscles.

He laughed but never broke his rhythm. "You know damn well it does."

He thrust deep, and his cock hit the perfect place inside me. His thumb pressed my clit with the pressure I needed, and I drove forward to meet him, eager for more.

"Come with me," I moaned.

"Fuck," he muttered through gritted teeth.

"I'm coming," I cried as the beautiful spasms hit me.

"Baby," was all Tom managed to say before he jerked against me and climaxed.

I wrapped my arms around him and bit his earlobe. Then I whispered, "See, I can make you squirm, too."

**"HIS VOICE WAS
HUSKY, AND I
COULD TELL HE
WAS CLOSE TO
HIS OWN
CLIMAX."**



—L.K., via email



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PLUS ONE

Rick, the guy we'd invited back to our place, looked confused.

"Sorry—am I being interviewed?"

My girlfriend Mandy and I live together, which is convenient since we're also lovers. But we're both bi, and the lack of cock in our hot lesbian relationship had to be addressed now and then.

The solution was obvious to us: an occasional threeway with a good-looking dude. Trouble was, we'd been having lousy luck with the males we'd brought home lately. The ménage à trois can be tricky. The mix has to be right.

"We just want to get a sense of how you intend to conduct yourself tonight," Mandy said. I have to admit she *did* sound like an interviewer.

I stepped in. "It's pretty simple. We want to know if you've done this before, if those threeways were successful, and how you think one would be with us."

I quickly realized that my approach

wasn't much better than Mandy's. At the club, we'd chatted up Rick, a handsome guy with dark hair and a good build. Now he was sitting on our couch, and we were standing over him like some lezzie inquisition.

For a second or two I thought he was going to just leave. Then he put back his head and laughed. When he recovered, he said, "I get it. You must've had some duds before me. Okay. Yes, I've been lucky enough to have had a few threeways. They were very special to me. I liked both of the women. Somehow, when we were all together, we became greater than the sum of ourselves. Every touch was communal. Every pleasure was collective. There was no selfishness, no favoritism. What one felt, we all felt. It was almost magical."

Mandy and I looked at each other, wide-eyed. Rick had spoken sincerely, even poetically. The problem we'd had with past guys was that they were crude or self-centered—or they paid too much attention to one of us and neglected the other.

We both started toward the couch, but

Rick suddenly lifted a hand.

"Hang on. How about you two? I'm very flattered you invited me here. But how do you see this occasion unfolding?" He grinned.

Turnabout was fair play. So, Mandy and I gave him our thoughtful views on the matter. All the while, I felt a rising excitement. It was one thing to be physically attracted to someone. It was something else—something special—to like them. I liked Rick. I could see Mandy did, too.

When we were done waxing philosophical on the wonders of three-way sex, I impulsively drew Mandy into my arms. I pulled her delectable body against mine, and her eyes sparkled. We had both gotten very worked up. The two of us really wanted to make the three of us happen.

I pressed my mouth to hers. Her answering kiss was familiar, sending welcoming shocks of pleasure into me. I tugged her tighter, and our tits pushed together. Our tongues delved deeper, and I got that good taste of her. Our bodies moved against one other.

Mandy drew my top off and laid her hands on my bare tits. I mewled as she squeezed my mounds, arousing my nipples to stiff points. I freed her of her shirt and bent to suck briefly on each of her lovely firm breasts, teasing her pink nips with my tongue.

My body blazed with desire. We stepped out of our skirts and panties. My hands roamed her gorgeous flesh. She caressed the taut halves of my ass as we rubbed against one another with a mounting urgency. My nerve endings crackled with sexual delight, my pussy slick with anticipation.

Then we stopped. With our eyes widened again, we turned together toward the couch.

We hadn't exactly forgotten about Rick, but there he sat, his clothes neatly folded beside him. His cock was hard, and he was slowly pulling on it as he



watched us turn our focus on him.

Mandy and I went to him. We each took a hand as he rose, and we led him to our bedroom. The interviewing was over, and we were past words now. Either this venture would succeed or fail.

There, standing at the foot of our big luxurious bed, we all drew together. I felt the warmth of those two bodies—one feminine and one masculine—against my flanks. My hands rose, and I explored the smooth, tight curves of Mandy and the sinewy physique of Rick.

As one, we leaned in together, and our mouths met in a three-way kiss. (Don't think that's possible? Get two friends and try it.) Our lips pressed, our mouths opened, and our tongues touched. It was like getting showered with a sparkle of fairy dust; I felt my body lighten with pleasure. I felt like I could fly.

No one hurried, even though I sensed the same bursting excitement in the others. Rick's stubble rasped exquisitely against my face, while Mandy's nimble tongue moved over mine. I was keenly aware of Rick's rampant cock poking my lower belly.

We glided toward the bed and climbed up onto it. Rick lay down, and Mandy and I nestled in on either side of him. We both reached for his engorged shaft at the same time, but there was nothing awkward when our fingers met. We laced them together, and as one we squeezed that luscious-looking staff. I felt the heat and pulse of him.

There was the missing piece in my relationship with Mandy. Not that I lacked anything emotionally from her—I really cared for her. But we were mature enough to understand the needs of our own bodies. I loved both pussy and cock, and so did she.

Lying between us, Rick groaned as we slowly pumped his meat. I admired the tiny veins squiggling along his rod, the swollen plum of his cockhead and the thick cable-like vein that ran up his underside. Suddenly, I needed to know if



“MY NERVE ENDINGS CRACKLED WITH DELIGHT, MY PUSSY SLICK WITH ANTICIPATION.”

he was as delicious as he looked.

No surprise—Mandy got the same idea at nearly the same time. I could feel the uncanny sexual synchronicity locked into place between us. When it was good, the two of us could think one other's thoughts, feel one another's arousal.

We huddled over Rick's cock to do him harmonica-style, running our open mouths up and down the sides of his staff. Then we moved up to the crown. First, I took his knob between my lips and rolled my tongue around it, while Mandy dipped down and sucked his shaved balls. Then we switched, and I slurped on his nutsac.

But we finally came together over his cockhead. Our mouths met in a tongue-filled kiss with his sweet crown thrust up between us. We shared the first drizzle of his pre-come, and my excitement rose.

Bodies went into motion around me. Again, I felt the easy balletic grace of this. Rick didn't rush. His caressing hands found me—and Mandy. He touched my tits, and I sighed. His fingers delved

between my legs and brushed against the slickened groove of my pussy.

But when he turned toward Mandy and eased her onto her back, I didn't feel left out. His shoulders pressed apart her silky thighs, and she thrust her pussy up toward his face. I moved in alongside and fondled her tits, plucking at her nipples as she moaned.

Rick's tongue touched her slit, and I felt the whip of her reaction as though he were licking *my* pussy. Mandy's hips rolled on the bed. I could see Rick knew what he was doing. He didn't snuffle at her like a pig going for truffles. He lapped gently, bringing her to a high stage of excitement, then he plunged his tongue within her slick folds.

When he homed in on her clit, she very nearly exploded on contact. I reached down for a handful of his dark hair and pressed his face tighter against Mandy's snatch. She bucked frantically, and when she came, she reached out and seized my tit, squeezing triumphantly.

Our bodies shifted once more, and this time Rick hunkered between my outspread legs. I felt his hot breath on my moist pussy lips. When he started licking me, my whole body almost lifted off the covers. Joy spread through me as I ground my hips against him, taking his invading tongue deeper into me.

He was indeed orally skilled. He urged my throbbing clit to release the innermost pleasures from my being. His tongue tip teased and stroked. Mandy had crawled around behind him and was playing with his cock and balls. Before long, I was gushing into his open mouth as desperate pleasure wracked me.

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▷ THREE FOR ALL



We were a flow of flesh, of ever-shifting limbs. I kissed a mouth with my eyes closed, unsure if I felt stubble or not, lost as I was in my erotic haze. Hands groped my tits. I touched Mandy's dripping pussy, sliding two fingers into her. I pumped Rick's spit-wet shaft. Carnal delirium overtook me.

When I was next aware of anything definite, I was on my hands and knees. Mandy was in the same position alongside me, but we were pointed opposite ways on the broad bed. Confusion touched me, but I had perfect faith in our threeway.

I felt our lover kneel behind me. His hands spread the halves of my ass, and his cock slipped into my pussy from behind. I gave a ragged cry of pleasure as I took the full length of him. It was glorious.

He started stroking into me, and a new ecstasy took hold of my body. He rode me so fast his balls spanked my slit. I shivered on my hands and knees.

When he pulled out, I didn't understand what he was doing until I heard Mandy's slurping sounds. Her face was right alongside my ass, and he plugged her mouth with his cock every

few minutes, alternating from me to her.

I shuddered through my climaxes, one atop the next as sexual fever consumed me. Sometime later, as my body sang with overtaxed rapture, I realized he had shifted around. Now he was kneeling behind Mandy and fucking her from behind.

The close-up sight of his cock plowing my lover's pussy was beautiful beyond description. I heard Mandy's moans, and felt the flex of her body alongside mine.

When Rick pulled his dripping cock out of her and offered it to me, I lunged forward and swallowed him to his balls.

**“OUR MOUTHS
MET IN A TONGUE-
FILLED KISS WITH
HIS CROWN
THRUST UP
BETWEEN US.”**

Our sexual tastes combined to send a shock wave of wonder through me, sparking a small climactic spasm deep within my body. Rick wasn't far behind, as after a few sucks he unloaded into my mouth.

Mandy flipped herself around to kiss me as we savored the taste of his cream.

Rick is now our go-to third for all of our three-ways needs.

—D.C., via email

■ ALL IN

That one,” I said, nudging Adam with my elbow. “I want that one.”

He appraised my selection and wagged his eyebrows delightedly before taking a sip of his whiskey. “Let me see what I can do.”

I watched him saunter over and work his magic. He bought the guy a drink. Pointed me out. Gave the guy a nutshell version of what we wanted.

Occasionally, our targeted guy would think we were planning to roll him and take his money. But if you take a good look at us, you can see we're just in it for the fucking. Otherwise, we're pretty tame people.

I studied the men together. Adam is tall and dark-haired with green eyes. The stranger was shorter, stockier, with dirty-blond hair. I couldn't see his eyes too well from where I sat, but I would wager they were blue. Maybe brown. Brown was my second guess.

I saw Adam shake the guy's hand and then watched him move back through the crowded bar toward me. He sat down and waved over the bartender.

“One more, and then I go home and fuck you,” he said after placing his order.

I banged my elbow against his. “Come on. How did it go?”

“It went fine.” He drained his drink and accepted the new one.

I waited and waited, but he simply looked down at the bar.

Finally, I grabbed his bicep. "Tell me, or I'll pull your arm off and beat you with it."

He lost his composure and started laughing. "His name is Todd, and he's meeting us at the hotel tomorrow night at seven. We can check in and get cozy, then I'll text him our room number."

"And how does he feel about this. Is he only into you? Into me?"

"He says he's 'flexible,' so it sounds like anything goes."

I wiggled in my seat. I'd been hopeful, then excited. But now I was giddy. The thought of us sharing a night with Todd made me squirm.

"What color are his eyes?" I asked.

Adam blinked. "What? Oh, brown. They're brown."

I snapped my fingers. "Damn, so close."

He took hold of my fingers and kissed them.

"Hurry up," I whispered in his ear. "Take me home and fuck me. Tell me all the things we'll do with Todd."

When we got home he practically tore my dress off. Occasionally adding a third party to our sex life did amazing things to my husband. He tossed my dress over his shoulder and tore his pants open in a mad rush. Once we were both naked, he pushed me back until my legs hit the mattress and I dropped down on my ass.

He put a hand between my breasts and nudged me, so I lay down on my back. Then he dropped to his knees, slung my legs over his shoulders and shoved his hands beneath my ass before going at me with his tongue like a starving man.

"I want to see him eat this pussy," he said when he paused for air. "I want to see him fuck this pussy."

I shoved my hands into his hair and held him there for a moment, forcing his mouth against my aching slit.

In between sucks and licks, he rambled about the sexual things we'd



do. My pleasure grew as his filthy words washed over me.

"I want him to fuck your ass. Or my ass. Someone's ass..." Adam muttered.

I groaned. I was so close. When he talked dirty to me I usually came quickly. I tried to hold on, but I was losing my battle.

"Or I could fuck his ass. Or you could grab your strap-on and fuck his ass..."

He murmured those last words against my pussy while he ate me, and when he slid a thick finger inside me I lost it. I came, pulling his hair and crying out like a mad woman.

He flipped me onto my belly, grabbed my hips and drove into me fast and hard. Once I was impaled on his rod, he wrapped one hand in my long hair, twisting it around until he had a good hold of me. He fucked me fast and deep, his lean hips slamming against my

ass as he rode me roughly.

I slid a hand beneath my belly and found my clit. I strummed it with shaking fingers as his cock hit the most tender spot inside me. He was pushing me closer to coming again, and he knew it. He slowed and made a point of driving deep and hitting that perfect place repeatedly until I was sobbing with pleasure. My orgasm was so close I could feel it vibrating in every cell of my body.

With just a few more thrusts, I came with a bellow. Adam pulled out of my cunt and wet his finger with my overflowing juices. He eased that digit in and out of my ass as I moaned. Then he slid the slick tip of his cock over my back hole and inched into me slowly. I pushed back to take him, my body shaking from the orgasm that was still causing my empty pussy to spasm. After only a few strokes,

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he clutched my hips and grunted, “I’m coming, I’m coming.”

We were exhausted and nearly breathless, but I kissed him and whispered, “I can’t wait until tomorrow.”

By the time Todd arrived at our room the following night we were both nearly out of our minds with lust. I began to help our guest out of his clothes about two minutes after he’d entered the room. He laughed.

“I had no idea I’d get such a welcome.”

I kissed him and tasted peppermint on his lips. “We only have one rule. No kissing Adam. That’s just for me.”

Todd nodded and said, “I can abide by that,” as I tugged at the button fly on his jeans. His cock was already hard, and it sprang out of his pants the moment I managed to yank them down.

I glanced at Adam and then dropped to my knees, taking Todd’s thick cock in my mouth. I sucked him slowly. Adam came up behind me and put his hand on my head. He pushed me down the length of Todd’s dick, and then gentled his touch as I withdrew. He kept his hand in place as a guide while I worked my mouth up and down that beautiful cock.

I pulled back and then Adam got on

his knees beside me. I inched over and watched him draw Todd’s hard erection into his mouth. He sucked it down and breathed through his nose. Todd thrust forward hard, and Adam’s eyes watered as he struggled to swallow our new friend’s dick.

Excitement uncoiled in my belly. I tugged Todd’s arm and led him to the bed, drawing him away from my husband.

“Fuck me,” I said to Todd. I laid back and spread my legs for him. He didn’t hesitate. He moved between my thighs and slid his thick shaft inside me. My pussy was dripping wet, and I was

beyond horny. When Adam moved near me and put his cock against my lips, I sucked it eagerly, arching to take him into my throat.

Todd put my ankles on his shoulders, lifting me just enough so he could slide in and out of me with ease and watch his progress—and Adam’s as he fucked my mouth.

I was weak with pleasure, laid out between them as I took one dick in my pussy and another in my mouth. I played my tongue along Adam’s length, reaching up to cup his balls as the other man plowed my cunt.

Todd’s thumb found my clit and started to swirl against my button. He slowed his hips, fucking me with an easy rhythm.

His thumb came down harder, rubbing my own moisture over my swollen clit. Adam groaned above me, pulling free of my mouth and simply jerking his cock slowly as he watched Todd fuck me. I knew that look. That look said he was close to coming.

I flashed my husband a smile, but lost it when Todd rubbed me hard and drove deep, making me come. My body trembled and bowed with the intensity of my climax. My pussy milked his driving dick, and he let his eyes drift shut for a moment as he gradually slowed his rhythm before pulling free of me and nodding to Adam.

“Come down here and eat this pussy, while I have a turn at that ass of yours,” Todd said, his voice raspy.

A moan slipped out of me, and I thought I’d die just from imagining what he was proposing.

Adam got between my thighs and started to eat me. He played his lips and tongue along my clitoris and pushed his fingers inside my pussy. I watched Todd get behind my husband and spit on his fingers before slipping them between Adam’s cheeks to toy with his hole.

Grabbing hold of my husband’s cheeks, Todd pulled them apart and aimed his dick at his target. Adam

**“I FLASHED MY
HUSBAND A
SMILE, BUT LOST
IT WHEN TODD
DROVE DEEP.”**



groaned against my pussy as Todd's cockhead nudged his asshole. I sighed and ran my fingers through his hair as he continued to lap at me.

"Relax," I whispered. "You know you want it."

As if acknowledging his desire, Adam pushed back. I felt him shiver as Todd breached his hole. Todd's big hands were gripping Adam's hips tightly, and then he began to rock, thrusting hard and clenching his jaw. Every time he drove into Adam, it rocked my husband against me. His mouth and teeth worked me as his nose nudged my mound. I knew Todd wouldn't last long—and I wouldn't either. Not while I was watching that good-looking guy pound my husband's ass.

I raised my hips, jamming my cunt against Adam's mouth. Todd reached down and grabbed ahold of Adam's short hair, holding him against my pussy as Adam sucked me desperately, drawing on the hard knot of my clit.

I gasped, watching Todd buck against my husband as he rapidly approached his own peak. Tweaking my nipples, I savored the bite of pain that zipped from my breasts to my cunt.

"Yes," I said on a moan.

Adam nipped at me, then gentled his tongue as he twirled it along my slippery slit.

"Come for us," Todd said, looking into my eyes.

Adam pushed his fingers into my pussy and curled them, and I edged even closer to climaxing. Every time Todd rocked forward, Adam grunted. The vibration traveled through me, augmenting the goodness of every lick, every thrust.

"Jerk off," I whispered to my husband.

Adam looked up at me and obeyed, but his mouth never stopped.

I could feel the motion of his arm moving beneath him. He continued to eat me, driving the fingers of one hand into me while he jerked his cock with the other. But as he worked, he was at the mercy of our guest, who held him steady



and continued to ream him.

Adam's arm was moving briskly, and I was gritting my teeth. The bliss of his mouth on me was becoming overwhelming.

Todd grunted, hissed, held on tight and thrust hard. He was rapidly losing his self-control.

Adam bucked as he came, and watching him set me off. I climaxed with a loud cry, just as Todd pulled free of Adam and shot his load all over my husband's back.

I tried to get myself together and finally managed to utter, "Wow."

"Wow is right," Todd said, smiling at us. "Anyone up for a shower and then round two?"

Adam and I didn't have to be asked twice.

—R.T., Cranston, Rhode Island

REUNION

It was great to see Alex again. We had been college roommates, and I hadn't seen her for a year because she'd moved to New York after graduation.

But she was back for a long weekend visit at the house I shared with my new husband, Pierre. I'd noticed her giving him long, lingering looks, and at one point she said to me, "Well done, I approve."

I didn't mind any of that because Alex and I had been open about all things sexual in college. We shared a single-room dorm and often had boyfriends

over at the same time and fucked them in our own beds. We'd never swapped, but hearing her moans of passion coming from the other side of the room always added greatly to my pleasure.

Eventually, we'd gotten in the habit of masturbating at the same time on nights we were alone together. I think she started it. We had gone to bed, but neither of us had fallen asleep. After a few minutes, I heard soft whimpering noises. I didn't want to embarrass her, but I got so turned on I started playing with myself, too. I'm much louder than she is—I can't help myself. So it was soon evident to her that I was diddling myself, too. She snorted with laughter then kept going, not holding anything back. We came at the same time—and then repeated the process over and over again.

But for all of our openness, we'd never touched each other in a sexual way, leaving that line in the sand uncrossed. But when I saw her again, looking more beautiful than ever, I wanted her. But I wanted something more specific. I wanted her to join me and Pierre in bed.

And from the glances she kept casting at me and my man, I got the definite impression that was something she wanted, too.

We had set her up in a spare bedroom, which had its own bath. While she was taking a shower, I snuck into the room, stripped down and lay on the bed. I was so turned on I couldn't help stroking my cunt. She came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her and showed not the slightest bit of surprise upon

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▷ THREE FOR ALL

seeing me. She simply dropped the towel and lay beside me, shoulder to shoulder and began fingering herself.

I continued to do the same. She liked to rub her fingers across her clit like strumming a guitar, while I needed penetration. I used two hands—one to rub my clit, the other to burrow in my cunt. It was like old times again, but she was so close to me that I could smell the tempting scent of her pussy, which was becoming stronger than the lingering fragrance of her body wash. My pussy was very wet, and I was going to come soon. Alex came first, though, and I quickly followed. We both cried out as our whopping orgasms thrilled us. I kissed her shoulder, and then put my hand on her thigh, which was warm and soft.

"I missed you," I whispered in her. She hugged me tight but that was the extent of our liaison for the moment.

Pierre and I have a long-standing tradition of having sex every Sunday morning. My idea was that I would leave the door open, and we'd be nice and loud. Alex would hear us, see us and not be able to resist taking part. I cherished the idea of watching my best girlfriend with my hunky husband.

That Sunday, I was riding Pierre's fat

cock and thoroughly enjoying myself, being very vocal as I plunged down on him. He made no comment on the open door and my extra noise, so I figured he was fully cognizant and approved of my unspoken scheme. What guy hasn't fantasized about a threesome with two hot chicks?

Pretty soon I heard a stirring in the hall. Alex came in wearing her bedtime attire of a T-shirt and panties. She looked in our room, and her eyes grew very wide. I looked back at her and beckoned her to join us.

She pointed at herself and mouthed, "Me?"

I nodded enthusiastically, without missing a beat on Pierre's cock.

Alex slowly approached the bed. Pierre saw her and flashed a big smile. I climbed off his dick, and Alex could hardly take her eyes off it. She seemed transfixed by his girth and went straight for his shiny shaft. I gripped the base of it while she tongued the head, then slid her lips down as far she could. She had the reputation of being a very good cocksucker back in school, and as she worked over Pierre's tool, I could tell she hadn't lost any of her skills.

Alex sucked Pierre's dick while I kissed

him. I wanted to watch her in action, though, so I didn't join her blowjob party. Alex was hoovering his cock in to her mouth, and he was in heaven. She cupped his balls and squeezed, licked his shaft up and down and then paused to say, "Your husband's cock is so big. I don't know how it's fitting in my mouth."

After a few more minutes of blowing him, that part of her performance was over. The time had come for her to pass me the microphone, so she grabbed his cock and pointed it in my direction. I took my cue and started sucking him, while she kept massaging his balls. Then Pierre's body jerked, and he released a happy laugh. I soon realized that Alex was fingering his asshole. I recalled that she'd often done this with her boyfriends back in the day—usually with positive results.

Alex sat back and pulled off her T-shirt, revealing her stunning tits.

"They're perfect," Pierre said, sounding awestruck.

I wasn't offended. Alex is tall and willowy with surprisingly large breasts for her frame. I'm short and compact with muscular legs, but my tits are very small. Pierre says they're great, and he does spend a lot of time lavishing them with love. I didn't begrudge him his time with Alex's beautiful D-cups.

He sucked on her hefty tits, while I sucked his cock. But soon it was time for a change. He got up off the bed and stood at the foot of it, with his dick jutting forward. Alex and I got on all fours, side by side, and he took turns feeding us his massive tool. He moved from one eager mouth to the other after every few strokes.

After working at a gentle pace, he amped up his game, shoving his cock into my mouth and fucking it roughly—something he knows I love.

When he switched over to Alex, she handled him as expertly as I had, deep-throating him without issue.

"I love watching you fuck my girlfriend's face," I murmured in admiration.



Pierre's cheeks flushed. He loves when I talk dirty, and only a few seconds later, he shot his load down Alex's throat. She swallowed every bit.

"Your husband's come is so fucking delicious," she said.

"You didn't save any for me?" I pouted before licking Pierre's deflating cock.

They laughed, and then the three of us squeezed into the tub for a shower. It was a tight fit, but that only made the situation more fun. Alex and I made out like crazy, while Pierre ran his hands all over our slick flesh. Pierre's cock quickly revived as I soaped it up, and once he was squeaky clean, Pierre was ready for more. So we all scurried back to the bedroom.

He had us line up against each other on the bed once more, but this time we were facing away from him. He started rimming Alex's freshly showered asshole, and she groaned in appreciation. Then he moved to do the same to me, while Alex nibbled on my neck and ran her fingernails up and down my back. After taking turns eating our asses, Pierre began fucking Alex from behind.

"Your dick is so great!" she cried out. I moved so I could get a close look at Pierre slipping in and out of her cunt. From my angle, I could also see Alex's asshole, winking at me and glistening with Pierre's spit. I had never so much as touched another girl's asshole before, but somehow I couldn't resist hers. I began massaging her hole with my thumb, slipping it in and out while Pierre continued to ream her. I loved that we were working to make her shimmy and shake.

Alex repeated the favor of teasing my asshole when Pierre began fucking me. We screwed for what seemed like a blissful eternity before he pulled out and hopped on the bed. Alex and I went for his cock simultaneously, each licking one side of the shaft. Then Alex focused her attention on his balls while I sucked his cockhead. Then she sank lower and began rimming him, which made him



"ALEX FOCUSED HER ATTENTION ON HIS BALLS WHILE I SUCKED HIS COCKHEAD."

groan loudly and made his cock twitch.

"Do you like my friend eating your ass?" I asked him. He could only moan in response.

We switched, and I took my turn to tongue his hole. Then I swung around, and after he'd repositioned himself as well, mounted him in a reverse cowgirl. Meanwhile Alex sat on his face. She reached around and cupped my tits. Pierre was making sounds that I hoped were happy ones because he could have been suffocating and neither of us would have known.

I had myself a scorching orgasm and slid off to suck Pierre's dick clean. Then Alex took my place, riding him like a cowgirl on a bucking bronco. I grabbed her hair and tugged it lightly, slapping her ass cheeks with my free hand. She was enjoying herself intensely. Her eyes were

shut, her cheeks red. She was about to come, and it was going to be major. I could tell.

She began shrieking, and when she climaxed, she trembled uncontrollably. Pierre wrapped an arm around her as I brought my lips to hers for a kiss.

When Pierre said he was ready to come again, I reminded Alex not to be greedy and keep all of his cream for herself.

We maneuvered so she was lying flat on her back; Pierre was standing near the bed, pumping his cock right above her face. I crouched above her, ready to accept his jism. When he came it splashed against my tongue and dripped into Alex's gaping mouth. I kissed her, and we swapped his semen back and forth as if it were the nectar of the gods.

Our plans for brunch went out the window, and we stayed in bed all day. Before Alex left, she said that her boyfriend would love to meet me. I immediately made plane reservations for next month.

—M.K., Bowling Green, Kentucky

With a little hustle and some luck, a double can easily become a triple. We would like to hear tales of your titillating trios. Mail your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311. Or you can email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

■ BREATHLESS

I raced down the trail toward the person I'd spotted, knowing the running might worsen my incipient asthma attack. But I was out of options. I kept a lid on my panic as I came up on the other hiker.

When she turned, I saw she was a luscious blonde, with an athletic physique made evident by her hiking shorts and sweat-damp T-shirt. Her breasts swelled against the cotton, and her bared thighs and calves were exquisitely toned.

She looked quizzically at me, aware something was wrong.

With as much breath as I could muster, I asked, "Have you...got...asthma inhaler?" It was a lightning-strike sort of chance. What were the odds I would run into someone else in these great outdoors with an inhaler?

Quickly, she flung her pack to the ground and dug in it. She handed me an inhaler with a concerned look on her sculpted face.

I gratefully took it and gave myself a blast. I closed my eyes and felt the attack backing off. The sense of constriction disappeared. I opened my eyes and smiled at her.

"I think you understand how badly I needed that," I said. "Thanks—a thousand times, thanks." I made to hand her back her inhaler.

"Keep it. I've got another in the pack. Don't you carry a spare?"

I nodded up toward the ridge trail I'd been hiking. "A strap snapped on my pack, and it rolled off my shoulders and right down into a ravine. My closest spare is now in my car, back at the trail head. I might not have made it."

She peered closely at me. "You're better now?"

"Yeah. It's passed. You don't have to worry."

"I understand. People think you can't do shit if you've got asthma." She waved



her hand, like she was dismissing all of them. "Hell, I'm healthier than 95 percent of the people I know."

I couldn't help but grin. "I bet you are."

Something changed in her gaze. "You look pretty fit, too."

I was. I hiked and biked and swam—and had a tight muscular shape to show for it. "My name's Josh."

"I'm Katy. You want some coffee? I've got a little campsite down by the lake."

There seemed to be something more in the invitation. The way her eyes glinted and the hint of promise in her voice told me so. With my breathing restored to normal, I felt new sensations. Interest stirred in me, with desire lurking just behind.

We hiked the couple miles down to the broad blue lake. The state park was huge and cut with endless trails. I could walk for days and not see another living soul. Again, I realized how lucky I was to have come across her.

At the little camp, Katy made coffee on a camp stove, and we sat on logs under the bright sun. I told her how I agreed with her about people underestimating a person with asthma. I had managed my condition since I was a kid, not letting it stop me from any physical activities.

But as I gazed at Katy and her fine,

taut form, I started thinking about one physical activity in particular.

"That's a nice leer you've got," she said, her laugh nearly a purr.

I hadn't been aware of my expression. "Sorry, I—"

"Don't be." She stood. "I don't know about you, but I'm roasting in this sun. I had planned to take a swim after my hike. You can join me if you like..."

With that she turned and started toward the water's edge. As she walked, she peeled off her T-shirt and tossed it behind her. I half expected her to be wearing a swimsuit underneath and was as happy as hell to see she wasn't.

Closer to the water she stepped out of her shoes, then dropped the shorts. Her bare butt drew my eyes. My cock uncoiled rapidly, and gooseflesh rose on my arms. Mesmerized, I watched her step naked to the edge of the lake, then with a neat nimble movement, she dove in, making a splash.

I jumped to my feet and hurriedly undressed. I padded through the grass, seeing that she'd already swum halfway across the water. With I leap, I dove after her.

The water was bracing, but not freezing. It did nothing to calm my raging hard-on as I swam out toward her. I saw

“I PULLED HER BODY AGAINST MINE AND FELT HER TIGHT CURVES AND STIFF NIPPLES.”

her glistening, naked body flash briefly above the surface of the water. She moved with a deft agility.

We circled each other in the middle of the lake for a moment. Then she grinned, her blonde hair plastered against her skull. We swam toward one another. Treading water, I took her into my arms, and we pressed our lips together. Our mouths opened, and our tongues tangled.

I pulled her body against mine and felt her tight curves and stiffened nipples. I reached down and clutched the fine spheres of her ass. Her hand dipped between us, and she seized my straining cock, causing pleasure to warm me.

We shared another ferocious kiss, then swam back to shore. Dripping, we climbed from the water. We didn't make it back to her camp. Katy pulled me down into the grass. Her body trembled beneath mine. I laid my hands on her lush tits, squeezing the full flesh and making her moan.

I kissed her throat before moving lower to suckle her stiff nipples. I batted each sensitive bud with my tongue and grazed them with my teeth. Then I was licking my way downward, kissing her flat abs. She spread her legs, and my shoulders pressed the insides of her muscle-hard thighs.

Her enticing pussy lay before me. Desire shivered through me, and I



lowered my face toward her. Her aroma, mixed with the cool scent of the lake water, rose to me. I settled into place and trailed my tongue up her smooth groove, picking up her personal flavor, delicious and piquant and utterly feminine.

I traced her folds with my tongue tip, then probed eagerly inside, drawn by the heat of her. I met her true taste as my tongue snaked up into her. Her hips bucked at the penetration, her body jerking on our grass bed. Hanks of my wet hair lay across my forehead, and I felt the sun steaming my bare flesh.

I ate her pussy with gusto, savoring the texture of her. Her interior walls flexed around my delving tongue. I homed in on her clit, teasing the lovely bud. She groaned louder, eventually reaching

down and grabbing a handful of my hair.

She humped hard against my mouth, smearing her juices back and forth over my chin and cheeks. She came with a howl, and I drank every drop of her I could get. Her fluid filled my throat as I swallowed.

I thought she might take a moment to lie languidly in the grass, but she sprang up and pushed me onto my back. I looked on with a giddy grin as she hunkered down between my legs. She cupped my balls with a gentle but firm hand and plunged her mouth down onto my cock. She swallowed me fearlessly, right to the hilt, like she didn't even have a gag reflex.

The pleasure that snapped through me was like the hard crack of a bullwhip.

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My whole body jerked, yet Katy held me with a tight suction. Her head started riding up and down on my rampant shaft as she fondled my balls, adding to my growing bliss.

Katy's talented mouth bobbed steadily. My muscles loosened, and my bones thrummed with a building joy. I could hardly believe this was happening.

But the reality was inescapable. The details of the moment were too sharp, too utterly tangible. I heard the slurp of her mouth, felt the racing eagerness of her tongue on my vein-lined staff. She moaned, and the vibrations twanged my cock with even more delight.

When her head lifted, a breeze touched my meat. But she was only climbing up onto me. I slitted my eyes against the bright sun and saw her settle her gorgeous body over mine. She fit my cock against her pussy and lowered herself onto me. Her interior warmth grasped me lusciously. I drove myself up into that welcoming slick heat.

Her tight body loomed above, made bronze in the sunshine. Her tits bounced

as she rode me. I reached up to squeeze those ripe mounds. I tweaked her nipples, and she told me to do it harder. I trapped the hard buds between my thumbs and fingers and applied more serious pleasure.

She bucked harder atop me, slamming her pussy down onto my hard cock. Her face contorted into a look of approaching ecstasy. She rode me faster, losing herself in it. I held on to her hips, afraid she was going to buck right off me.

But she didn't. She impaled herself wildly on my staff and came with another triumphant howl, one that echoed over the softly rippling lake. Her pussy clenched me, and then she started to tilt off to one side.

I caught her and set her gently on the grass. Again, I thought she might like to just lie there, but she was apparently full of boundless sexual energy. She rolled over onto her hands and knees, thrusting her butt out eagerly toward me.

I knelt behind her, seizing her ass, and jammed my cock back inside her. I started stroking into her pussy, feeling

the deep penetration. I was spearing her to her very core.

After a moment, she quaked with another glorious climax. How alive this woman was! How vital! I fucked her harder, racing toward my own finish.

"Fuck my other hole!" she suddenly shouted.

I didn't argue. I slipped out of her dripping pussy and slotted my wet cock into the alluring ring of her asshole. She gripped me even tighter now as I buried my cock in her ass. The bright sky was whirling overhead. I plowed her back passage, loving the bawdy intimacy of it. My balls spanked her slit. They were starting to clench, getting ready to unload.

Again, she shouted. "Come on my back and ass!"

I wrenched loose and showered her with my jizz. Every jolt was like its own separate climax, overwhelming me with ecstasy.

Afterward, we lay together, panting. I told her she took my breath away, and we laughed uproariously until it was time to fuck again.

—J.P., Boulder, Colorado

■ LIVING THE DREAM

I was picking up some items at the grocery store when I ran into a former professor of mine. I'd last seen him on campus a year ago, right before I graduated. Just like old times, my heart skipped a beat and a rush of mad desire swept through me. He wasn't just the most engaging teacher I'd ever had, he was also exceedingly attractive, with collar-length brown hair, a trim beard and the cutest eyeglasses.

Startled to see him at my side, I dropped the tomato I'd been holding, which nearly sent a number of its fellows tumbling onto the floor. My old prof saw my predicament and rushed



to help me stop the cascade.

"Nice to see you, Jessica," he said. Our hands touched as we both reached for one last wobbly fruit.

"Professor! I almost made spaghetti sauce all over your shoes."

He laughed. "You can call me Jonathan now. How've you been?"

"Good." I flashed him my sexiest, most flirtatious smile and told him how his class had helped me land an important internship. We talked a little more, and then he wished me well as he headed off to finish his shopping. I watched him go, knowing he would be invading my dreams all week. It would not be an exaggeration to say that I had been like one of those students who shamelessly mooned over Harrison Ford's character in that movie, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. I may not have written "love you" on my eyelids like one of those girls did, but I wanted to jump Mr.—I mean Jonathan—so bad, it's a wonder I paid enough attention to pass the course. There's no way he could have been oblivious to my attraction, but he managed to ignore it. Now he didn't have to—and I saw the flicker of desire in his hazel eyes before he said good-bye and turned away.

Luck struck twice that day, because 15 minutes later, while still in the store, I encountered Jonathan in the liquor section. I was trying to decide on a wine to buy and had just made up my mind when a hand reached out and took that very bottle off the shelf. Somewhat irked, I turned to see who it was.

"We meet again," said Johnathan, grinning. "Were you going for this one?"

My irritation vanished, replaced by that familiar thrum of desire. "Well, yes. But you can have it."

"This is a very nice chianti. You have good taste." He looked closely at the shelf. "Hmm, it's the last one. You take it."

"No, you grabbed it first."

"Really, I insist."

"Look, how about this," I declared.



"THE SOUNDS OF HIS LAPPING TONGUE MIXED WITH MY SQUEALS OF PLEASURE."

"I take the wine, but only if you let me share it with you at dinner tonight. My apartment, around seven?"

His eyebrows rose, but he barely hesitated. "You're on."

I put my address and number into his phone and said, "See you then."

Just like that, my plans for the evening went from a solitary meal in front of the tube to an exciting, long-overdue date with the hottest professor I'd ever had. As soon as I got home I prepped a lasagna for two, then made myself dewy-fresh with a long, hot shower. Afterward, I slipped into a comfortable little dress and opened the wine.

He arrived at seven on the dot, looking wonderfully professorial in blue jeans, a tan dress shirt and jacket.

"You look beautiful," he said, giving me a kiss and a bouquet of flowers. He allowed his eyes to roam over my figure for the first time since I'd known him—or maybe he just allowed me to catch him at it this time. Either way, his hungry gaze made me feel super sexy.

I had been imagining a scenario in

which I invited Jonathan in, handed him a glass of wine and made a toast to new beginnings, or some such nonsense. Instead, I found myself impulsively taking his hand and yanking him across the threshold. My breath came quickly as I rushed into his arms. He kicked the door closed behind him, and we kissed passionately, like lovers who hadn't seen each other in months. I was a whirling dervish in his embrace, feverishly planting kisses on his lips and face and neck while my hands roamed desperately over his hard, wiry body. I even wrapped one leg around his waist, the better to bump and grind myself against the bulge in the front of his pants. I felt the hem of my dress slide back along my raised thigh, exposing bare skin nearly all the way to my ass.

Jonathan was swept along in the fierce current of my desire. His mouth on mine conveyed his urgency, which had ramped up in parallel with mine. His hands were in my hair and on my back; then they moved down to grab my rear end. When his fingertips encountered the edge of my dress and touched smooth, naked flesh, he slid his hands under the hem to palm my bare cheeks. The discovery that I wasn't wearing panties inflamed Jonathan's passion.

Grabbing hold of my hips more assuredly, he hoisted me off the floor. I held on to him around the neck and shoulders, and since I'm only 5-foot-4 and 115 pounds, Jonathan had no trouble carrying me to the wall and sandwiching me against it. We knocked a picture askew, but that didn't slow us down one bit. While I worked madly to get his shirt open, Jonathan was kissing

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my throat and squeezing my derriere. I moaned into his ear and tried to grind my aching cunt against the prominent swell of his erection. Only the denim of his jeans separated my pussy from what it needed so desperately.

Sensing my frustration, Jonathan carried me over to the couch. As soon as he put me down, he hastened to get out of his clothes. All I had to do was whip my dress up over my head, and I was nude. Jonathan ogled my creamy-white breasts and stiff pink nipples. His gaze slid south to my dark bush. I touched myself there and stared back, watching the object of my desire strip naked before me. Jonathan's body was chiseled and lean, and I loved his masculine scent.

The moment his cock leapt free, I sat forward on the couch and took hold of that magnificent meat. It was long and weighty, and the network of veins running its length gave it character. Jonathan moaned as I took his cock into my mouth and lowered my lips most of the way toward the bristly base. Having him fill my mouth like that, well, it was the first of many fantasies that

came true for me that night. I bobbed back and forth, hungrily slurping and sucking Jonathan's manhood for all I was worth. I toyed with his balls at the same time, enjoying their heft in my palm. Jonathan rocked slightly on his heels and fed me his cock at the aggressive pace I desired. I alternated between swirling my tongue all over his sensitive crown and sliding my lips up and down the length of his shaft, until Jonathan could take no more. With both hands on my head, he arched his

**"I MOANED IN HIS
EAR AND TRIED
TO GRIND MY
CUNT AGAINST
HIS ERECTION."**

back and shot his load into my mouth. I swallowed again and again, drinking it all up. Only a tiny bit dribbled out of the corner of my mouth.

Jonathan was still breathing heavily as I lay back on the couch. He knelt on the floor and, finding my legs splayed in shameless invitation, wasted no time burying his face in my pussy. I ran my fingers through his hair while he fed the flames of my libido. The wet sounds of his lapping tongue mixed with my squeals of pleasure, which were growing higher-pitched by the second. He pressed his mouth to my outer lips and deftly searched out my clitoris. In a moment I felt his lips close around my hot button, and then I lost myself in a swell of ecstatic sensation as he teased my sensitive bud without mercy.

"Oh fuck," I exclaimed through gritted teeth, "you're driving me crazy!" My hips lifted off the couch as I sought to mash my clit against Jonathan's mouth. He slipped his hands beneath my ass and gave me what I needed, snapping his tongue with lightning-fast flicks across my swollen nub until I succumbed to a blissful climax. "Yes, yes, yes!" My cries filled my small apartment and were probably audible to all my neighbors, but I was beyond caring. Jonathan kept at it until my toe-curling moment finally subsided. Sitting up, I kissed his sloppy lips passionately and said, "That was so good."

I took his hand and led him to my bedroom. Sprawling on the bed, I welcomed Jonathan into my arms and we rolled together, our limbs entwined. After a minute he was atop me, his quivering cock nudging my pussy's opening. With the slightest, most effortless motion, he entered my sopping channel and slid in to the hilt. I sighed with pleasure as he pumped into me, but as much as I like the missionary position, it would not satisfy the craving I had that night for harder, more boisterous sex. Rolling out from under



him, I positioned myself on my hands and knees and shot him an imploring look over my shoulder.

"Fuck me from behind," I said, my voice uncharacteristically low and strained with need. "Pound me. I've wanted this since the first day I walked into your classroom."

He knelt close behind me, and with one hand took hold of my hip. "Well, we're not in class anymore, and we're both going to get exactly what we want," he said, using his free hand to guide the head of his cock into my sex.

"Ahh," I sighed as he entered me. "Yeah, that's right." I wiggled my rear end a little and pushed backward, taking him deeper. "Now do me, Jonathan. Do me hard and fast."

His big dick was long and deliciously thick as it filled my pussy. Using both hands to grip my hips, Jonathan began sawing between my nether lips with gusto. He pitched back and forth on his knees and hammered me hard, just as I'd demanded. Each impact of his groin against my supple ass cheeks came with a resounding, fleshy smack. I could feel his ball sac flounce repeatedly against my vulva, strongly enough to send reverberations through my clit with every thrust. A shriek of joy issued from my throat and made Jonathan pound me even more frantically. Soon I felt the beginnings of another mind-boggling orgasm coalesce at the edge of my perception. I lowered my shoulders to the bed and rocked back sharply to meet Jonathan's hard-pumping cock. He reached forward to coil my hair in his fist, adding a new dimension to our frenzied tryst. Nearly overcome with excitement, I reached under my belly to tweak my clit and caress his slick cock as it pistoned in and out of me. Suddenly, I could take no more. All of the sensations roiling me from the inside out coalesced into a single flash point of pleasure, and I came wildly, shrieking like a woman gone berserk. My cunt



creamed all over Jonathan's dick, which plumbed my depths for a half-dozen more thrusts before it began spurting hot come. He growled something unintelligible and rammed into me time and time again, holding my quaking body tightly against him until he was completely spent.

"I'm glad I ran into you at the grocery store," Jonathan said as he stroked my ass and tried to catch his breath.

"I am, too." I flopped onto my side and lay next to him. "But don't think you're out of my system, mister. Since you made me wait so long, we have a lot of catching up to do."

—J.L., Galveston, Texas

CRUISING

always wanted to take a Mediterranean cruise, specifically one that visited the places mentioned in Homer's epic poem, "The Odyssey." But my longtime girlfriend never wanted to go.

So after the two of us split, I decided to make my dream happen and booked the trip. I would travel alone, soaking up the sun and thinking about anything but women. How ironic then that I would end up having a torrid sexual adventure with a stunning female.

My journey began at the site of ancient Troy in Turkey, and for ten days the ship would visit various Greek locales, including where Homer's main character Odysseus and his men supposedly met the Cyclops, and the island where Calypso, the sea nymph, kept Odysseus in a sexual stupor for seven years. The cruise even gave us travelers homework; we had a list of recommended texts to ensure we understood the historic and literary importance of our stops. I spent a few days rereading the poem and was psyched.

But from the very first day of the cruise I realized I would be distracted. One of the tour guides, a graduate student in Classics who had actually read the poem in the original Greek,

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was an absolutely stunning beauty. I haven't been in college for quite a few years, but this woman, Joy, was everything any man could desire. Not only was she beautiful and intelligent, she was completely charming and laughed at my jokes.

She was employed by the cruise company and stayed on the ship for the duration. That meant not only would I see her each day on the tours and excursions, she'd be there on the boat at night. Suddenly, I didn't care about the Cyclops at all as I imagined Joy naked in my arms.

The cruise guests were mostly elderly people. I was the youngest—and also the only one traveling solo. Therefore, at dinner, I gravitated toward Joy to avoid being adopted by one of the older couples as some sort of surrogate son. She seemed to enjoy my company, so I didn't feel like I was bugging her.

When we visited Calypso's island and she helped me into "Calypso's Cave" (I'm a little claustrophobic), I think a corner was turned. She held my hand while we went in, and when I came out, with my heart pounding, she had an arm wrapped around me. An old lady looked at us, smiled and said we were a cute couple. I, breathing heavily, said, "Yes, she's my Calypso."

I called her Calypso for the rest of the trip, and on our penultimate night I made sure she knew what cabin I was in. I wasn't going to make an ass of myself by hitting on her and left the choice to her. If she didn't come, I'd just jerk off thinking about her.

Around midnight there was a soft knock on my door. "Who is it?" I asked stupidly, climbing out of bed.

"Calypso," came Joy's reply.

I opened the door, and there she stood, wearing a bathrobe. She was carrying a bottle of champagne. "I purloined this. Shall we?"



"SHE URGED ME ON IN A SERIES OF WORDS THAT WERE OF NO LANGUAGE I KNEW."

I opened the bubbly, and we each had a glass. I told her about my recent breakup, and she was sympathetic.

"Gosh, if I had a guy who wanted to take me on a Mediterranean cruise I wouldn't let him go."

She told me she did not have a boyfriend, although there was a guy back home that she was sort of involved with.

"I think you're very attractive," I said.

She smiled and replied, "The feeling is mutual." She stood and slipped off her robe, revealing nothing underneath. I stood and slipped out of my shorts, my cock standing taller than it had in many a moon. She stood close to me and began gently sliding her hand up and down my shaft as we exchanged a deep and meaningful kiss.

I would have been happy just to feel her stroking my dick, but she had more in mind and dropped to her knees and began sucking me. Oh, was she talented. Joy's technique wasn't fancy; it was just old-fashioned head. But she knew how to make her lips and tongue linger enough to send a shiver up my spine.

Joy had a great deal of stamina, but my knees were buckling, so I indicated we should adjourn to the bed. I laid her down on her back, put her legs in the air and zoomed in on her pussy, which was shaved clean and leaking honey. She tasted great, and I ate her like a starving man. She made soft whimpering sounds and urged me on in a series of words that were of no language I knew.

I've always enjoyed cunnilingus, and I like to think I'm good at it. I have this little game where I use my tongue to write letters of the alphabet, from "A" to "Z." Joy was having fun, and came right after I licked the letter "X."

My face was glazed with her nectar, and we were both ready to fuck. I suggested we slip out on the balcony. (I'd splurged for the pricey room). There was a nice breeze blowing and the moon was full, so it couldn't have been more romantic. She leaned against the railing, the moonlight dancing off her long, silky blonde hair as she pushed her ass back toward

me. I lined up my cock with her opening and sank it in. She was so wet that I felt like a hot knife in butter.

After a few moments of heated fucking she whimpered, "Spank me." I was happy to oblige and gave her a few whacks on the ass. She was starting to get very loud. I've never been big on sex in public, so I urged her back inside. She flung herself on the bed with her legs parted. It was as open an invitation as I have ever received. I climbed aboard and refitted my engorged cock into her cunt as she rested her feet on my shoulders. I was so turned on that I started to feel woozy with lust.

"Make me come," Joy urged, and I slammed into her full force. She clutched my forearms in her hands and bubbled into another orgasm. "Oh, you're doing it," she shouted, and I felt the vise-like grip of her pussy walls on my dick. I managed to keep myself from climaxing as she shivered in rapture.

After Joy had recovered from her orgasm, she pushed me onto my back and once again focused on my prick, which was now harder than it had been in years. She looked me in the eye with her baby blues and licked and nipped at my erection while stroking it up and down. She read my reactions pretty well and slowed down when I showed signs of coming. We were saving me up for one super-duper ejaculation, and it wasn't time yet.

Joy spent some time sucking my aching balls before she climbed on top of me for some old-fashioned cowgirl. We quickly got into a groove, where I would lift my hips and she would meet them with her own downward motion. I put my hands on her luscious tits, which hadn't yet received any of my attention. She stopped, my cock buried inside her, to let me suck on her nipples. She wasn't

speaking English words, just a steady stream of gibberish. It could have been ancient Greek for all I knew.

I was ready to come so she got on her knees, and we had ourselves a doggy-style party. I had lost control of myself and doubt I could have given you my full name. To add a little spice I wormed my thumb into her asshole, which was winking at me. This made her emit a guttural howl, and to my satisfaction, I realized she was going to come again.

Soon she was flat on her stomach, biting the pillow. I was squatting above and behind her, my balls full and my cock ready to explode. When I announced this, she clamored for me to come in her mouth. I pulled out and began spurting, and the first few shots landed on her face before she swallowed my spasming organ, taking the rest of my come down her willing throat.

We collapsed in each other's arms. Somewhere in the wee hours I heard her taking a shower, and then she put on her robe, kissed me on the forehead and slipped out. She left a note which said, in ancient Greek,

"Your Calypso will always remember you" (I had to translate it myself when I got home).

The next day we were in Athens, and my flight home departed from there. Sitting on the plane I recalled the smell of Joy which was seared into my memory. I took out my copy of "The Odyssey" and started to reread the Calypso section but got a very uncomfortable erection. I think the woman sitting next to me noticed it because she gave me a look of disapproval. She probably had quite a story to tell her friends about the man who got a hard-on while reading Homer.

I put the book aside, leaned back and went to sleep as I flew across the Atlantic—and dreamed of Calypso.

—D.W., Miami, Florida

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“COME CLOSER, BABY—AND LET’S
SEE WHAT DEVELOPS!”

—OLIVE











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FULL DISCLOSURE

When I got home from my weekend at the trade show, I had to tell my wife, Abby, I'd had sex with another woman.

It wasn't as bad as it sounds. Actually, it wasn't bad at all. Abby's eyes lit up, and she grinned. "Tell me all about it," she said eagerly, pulling me down onto the couch.

Abby and I have been married for nine years, and it is the best relationship imaginable. We're always honest and loving, and we never cheat on each other. It's only cheating if you don't tell the other person what you did. That's how it is with us, anyway.

The big hotel was thronged with trade people when I arrived. This wasn't a vacation for me. I had work to do, and I went about it, visiting the booths and pushing the products I was representing for my company.

After two full days of schmoozing, I was ready for a Saturday night cocktail. The lobby bar, however, was packed with familiar faces. I could tell if I had a drink there, then that night would just end up

being an extension of my busy day.

I decided to change into workout clothes and hit the hotel gym instead, figuring most of these out-of-shape, middle-aged types wouldn't dare set foot inside.

I was right. The place was empty. Basking in the quiet, I got on a treadmill and dialed it to medium speed. I started jogging at a steady pace. The exertion felt nice, and I was beginning to unwind.

As my consciousness pleasantly dulled, my back brain took over. I ran and sweated and thought of the desirable women I'd seen that weekend. Some were working the booths as eye candy, others were tradespeople. If I'd been less busy I might have made a move or two. In fact I'd had it vaguely in mind to do a little extramarital dallying while I was away, but I'd been too preoccupied with work to start anything.

I wasn't aware that someone else had entered the gym until another treadmill started up a couple spaces over from me. I looked, and my eyes went wide. A woman in tight gym wear, with a smoking body and very pretty face, began running on her machine. She'd selected a faster speed than me, and

I watched appreciatively as her taut muscles flexed, her limbs moving with athletic ease and agility.

She looked over, meeting my eyes. She flashed a neutral smile, then glanced at my feet, as though noting the speed at which I was moving. Challenge shone in her eyes.

What the hell? I thought, and dialed my machine up to her level. I keep in good shape, but after a while I was feeling the strain in my legs. But the enticing sight of the woman somehow kept me going. I felt sweat slickening my body, but I was also feeling a stirring of arousal. I had to fight to keep down a blatant hard-on.

After a while, she stepped off. Gratefully, I did the same. I was still feeling a "runner's high" and grinned at her as she came over.

"You know what I like to do after a run?" she said with her pretty face glowing. I almost answered with something risqué, but she went on: "Get a drink. Want to have one with me?"

I did, very much. "The bar downstairs?" I suggested.

"How about my room instead?"

We didn't bother to change out of our sweaty workout wear. Her name was Jen. In her room, she poured two glasses of whiskey. We didn't make shop talk. I gazed at her, studying the sultry lines of her features, lingering over the firm swells of her breasts. She was checking me out just as flagrantly.

Her eyes stopped on my wedding ring. She raised her eyebrows questioningly. I said, "My wife is a very understanding woman."

On the couch in our living room as I sat telling this to Abby, she squeezed my thigh in appreciation and encouraged me to go on with my story. I did.

Jen and I set aside our glasses. We stood together by her bed. By now my cock was making an obvious bulge in my sweatpants. I saw her stiff nipples standing out against her damp top. We moved together. Her arms snaked around





my waist. I pulled her body against me, feeling the wiry tautness of her.

Her face tilted up, and I put my lips on hers. I tasted the whiskey as we kissed. Her tongue slid out, and I met it with mine. The contact was like a jolt of electricity. My dick surged to full hardness, and she jammed her crotch tight against mine, rubbing on me.

Pleasure danced up and down my body. We ground our mouths harder together, each getting a deep taste of the other. She wriggled in my arms, just as agile as she'd looked on the treadmill. She was moving her hips in a way that made my blazing cock dribble with pre-come.

I inhaled the scent of her, liking the smell of her sweat. My hands moved over her. She reached down to cup my ass. I wanted the full look and feel of her. I tugged on her top as she pulled on my sweatshirt. In seconds we were both naked to the waist. Her tits were gloriously full and perky, tipped with hard, pink nipples.

I laid my hands on those swells of

“HER TART FLAVOR MIXED WITH THE WHISKEY I'D HAD, FURTHER INTOXICATING ME.”

flesh as she caressed my chest and shoulders. We shimmied out of the rest of our clothes and stood nude, each gazing rapturously at the other. She had a tight core, strong thighs, toned calves. I couldn't wait to touch her shaved pussy.

Jen took hold of my throbbing cock and led me up onto the bed. She jerked my shaft with slow, knowing movements. She spread her legs as I ran my hand up her smooth inner thigh. Her pussy glistened, and I trailed my fingers delicately over her wet lips. She

squirmed and let out a mewl of pleasure. She tightened her grip on my cock.

We kissed again, tongues probing deeply, eagerly. I moved down to her throat, kissing a path to her luscious tits. She turned onto her back, pushing one mound hard against my sucking mouth, then the other. I nibbled on her nipples, bringing each of them to steely hardness.

She knew where I was heading, and she spread her legs wide. I shifted lower down her lush body. Her thighs closed over my shoulders as I moved my head into place. Again, I inhaled her aroma, savoring the scent of her. I opened my mouth and had my first lick of her pussy.

Her smooth folds parted, and I sank my tongue into her. Her tart flavor mixed with the whiskey I'd had, further intoxicating me. I lapped up her juices as her hips rolled again. She jammed her pussy aggressively against my face. I liked that. I ate her deeper and harder.

Homing in unerringly on her swollen clit, I brought her up through the quick levels of arousal. She reached down and caught a handful of my hair. I reamed her

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with my tongue as she bucked helplessly underneath me. When she let out a howl, her legs clamped my shoulders and her warm juices flowed fully into my waiting mouth.

She didn't take time to bask in the afterglow of her climax. She sat up, fairly shoved me over onto my back and nestled down between my legs. She took hold of my balls, grasping them with just the right amount of pressure to send new excitement through me. Her eyes glittered as she gazed down on my pulsing staff.

She dropped her mouth onto my cockhead. I felt her tongue racing over the sensitive knob, and I writhed with pleasure. I watched the circle of her lips start to descend down my shaft. She sucked in inch after inch, maintaining a firm suction. I saw her cheeks flatten in around me. A look of bliss came over her face. I guessed she liked performing oral sex as much as I did.

That perfect mouth lifted and dropped on me as I lay back on the soft bed, eyes shut tight. Flashes of red appeared on the backs of my eyelids as I savored the experience. She kept her hand on my balls, and that felt good. I heard the slurping sounds and her grunts of pleasure.

My eyes flew open as I warned her that I was approaching the point of no return. She held off my impending explosion

“SHE PLACED MY SPIT-SHINY COCKHEAD AT THE ENTRANCE TO HER PUSSY.”

ceasing her fabulous sucking and moving up my body. She straddled my pelvis as I put my hands on her hips. With nimble grace, she placed my spit-shiny cockhead at the entrance to her streaming pussy, then lowered her lovely body onto me.

My staff disappeared up into her. I felt the enclosing heat of her slick interior walls. She ground all the way down on me, impaling herself fully and taking every bit of me inside herself. This was the complete connectivity of our two bodies. There was a primal rightness to it.

I loved my wife and couldn't imagine life without her. But the privilege to fuck this other woman, knowing Abby would approve of it completely, made my marriage something very special.

Jen lifted and lowered her body with

ease. I looked up at the flexing length of her. She was so well toned. I reached up and squeezed her tits as they thrust out before her, bouncing as she increased her bucking movements atop me. I tweaked her nipples, and she growled with pleasure and rode me harder.

My own hips jerked into motion. I thrust up into her with every one of her downward plunges. We worked in tandem. I loved the clutch of her pussy around my cock. She slammed onto me as we bounced together on the mattress.

Her pretty face twisted as her eyes rolled up into her skull. She started spitting semi-coherent obscenities. The fleshy sound of our bodies slapping together filled the hotel room as hot pleasure flashed through my body.

Suddenly, I felt my come begin to boil in my balls. Jen let out passionate moan, and her whole body quaked above me. I held on to her ripe tits, feeling her orgasm shudder all through her. Seconds later, my cock spewed. Each jet of cream pulled deep joy up from the depths of me. The pleasure seemed to go on and on.

But we finally did collapse together, laying there a long while, until Jen murmured against my neck, “Your wife must be very cool.”

Next to me on the couch, Abby laughed. Her hand moved to my crotch, where my cock swelled.

“That’s great, Will. Now, let me tell you what I did while you were away this weekend...”

I couldn't wait to hear.

—W.S., via email

FRINGE BENEFITS

Last year I got a huge promotion. Good news, right? Well, in my old job I hardly ever traveled. But since I was now a VP, I would have to visit the corporate headquarters a

lot. Problem? It's in London. England. I hated to be away from my wife so much, but she was supportive and said our relationship could withstand the occasional separation.

I was miserable for my first couple of trips. I hated the whole airport thing. (Do I really have to take off my shoes?) I didn't find London particularly interesting—as I live in a warm sunny climate and London seems to be perpetually gray—and the time difference made calling my wife difficult.

But during my third trip—which was just before Christmas, for God's sake—my attitude changed. The company had a party, and from across a crowded room I saw a stunning young woman—just like it happens in the movies. She had long brown hair, dark blue eyes and a trim figure. She was clearly giving me the once-over. But she was poised and focused a come-hither stare until I went hither. She introduced herself. She was Emma, from marketing.

I don't think I've ever been so overwhelmed with lust upon meeting someone since I met my wife. Emma had a clipped Oxbridge accent—very posh—as well as a wicked sense of humor. While eating cheese on toothpicks and drinking not very good wine, we mutually decided to leave the party together for our own more private soiree.

We went back to my hotel suite and sat on the sofa. We sipped some cocktails, courtesy of the mini-bar, and the sexual tension between us quietly mounted. She didn't say anything sexual, but her look was so inviting and I was buzzed enough that I went for it. I leaned in for a kiss, and she almost inhaled me. I mean, it was a kiss that rattled the doors and windows. In an instant, my dick was as hard as brick. She put her hand on my erection, and then suddenly all pretense was gone.

Emma took off her dress and shoes and curled up beside me on the sofa. She took out my cock and lightly stroked it, enflaming my lust. Then, ever so

tentatively, she leaned down and let her tongue flick over the head. She did this a few times, and I nearly jumped out of my seat. Finally, she slid her lips down my shaft and proceeded to give me a world-class blowjob.

I felt like I should be doing something, so I unhooked her bra while she was sucking me. I reached under her torso to fondle her tea-cup sized tits, and she responded by swirling her tongue in a clockwise motion while going up and down on my cock. She couldn't get enough of it. I was ready to come but didn't want to shoot quite yet. In an attempt to postpone the inevitable, I said we should go to the bed.

Emma smiled and stood, skinning out of her panties. I removed all of my clothes, and she grabbed me by the cock and led me to the mattress. She pushed me down on my back and slithered between my legs. She spent an inordinate amount of time on my balls, bathing them with her tongue. Then she resumed sucking my shaft, her mesmerizing gaze holding mine as she treated me to the ultimate in oral sex. Her lips and tongue were in constant motion, thrilling me to my core.

Even her little breaks fueled my lust. She'd pause for a breath, rubbing my erection against her lips and saying things like, "I love this cock," or "Your dick tastes so good." Hearing the word "cock" come from somebody who had an accent like a member of the royal family gave me goosebumps. After each dirty utterance, she'd go back to sucking me and gazing into my eyes with the most passion I've ever seen.

I couldn't take anymore, and she sensed it. She whispered, "I want to taste your come," and then swallowed me deep. The constriction of her throat made me lose control. As she once again began to bob up and down on my shaft, I let loose and filled her mouth with blast after blast of come. She pulled back and stuck out her tongue to show off my cream before closing her mouth, swallowing and smiling at me.

We spent the night together, and I fucked her in every position I knew—then she came up with a few more that were beyond my imagination. I ate her to an orgasm that made her buck so hard she nearly knocked me off the bed. Miraculously, I manage to climax three times, something I hadn't



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accomplished since I was in college.

The next morning I woke to find her gone, but she left a note that read, "Until next time." Then I started thinking about my wife. What had I done? I had never strayed before. The whole flight home was a massive guilt trip for me. Should I tell my spouse what I did? Should I just chalk it up as one of those things, forget about Emma and go on living a monogamous lifestyle?

When I got home, my wife knew something was up. I'm not a very good liar, so I told her everything, ready for her to throw me out. Instead, she was very understanding. Before long, the reason for this came out. While I was in London, she had been having an affair with one of our neighbors, a divorced man who liked to mow his lawn with his shirt off, so he could show off his abs. (In all fairness, they were pretty spectacular.)

After she had nervously made her confession, we both realized something—like me going to London, our relationship could withstand this. When we were apart, we could have dalliances. In fact, I think it was good for us. She wasn't in

love with Ab-man, and I didn't have any emotional attachment to Emma—in fact, I knew very little about her.

I didn't hear from Emma while I was home. No emails or phone calls. But the next time I went to London, when I checked into my hotel room there was already a message for me from Emma at the front desk. Written on cream-colored stationery was: "See you tonight at seven."

Promptly at seven o'clock, there was a sharp rap on my door. Emma walked in, said she was going to use the shower and I should make myself comfortable. I didn't see how I could misinterpret that remark, so while she showered I stripped. She walked out of the bathroom, as naked as a jaybird, and got on the bed on all fours. She then reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart, as if she were presenting herself.

"Fuck me like an animal," she said with that Mary Poppins accent. My dick was hard already and raring to plunder her, but first I wanted a taste of that pussy. I dove in and tongued her like a madman, licking her pussy until she was nice and

wet. She moaned and groaned, bucking back toward my face and then begged, "Come on, fuck me."

How could I resist? I happily shoved my cock into her cunt, and she pushed back at me eagerly.

I gave her a nice long fucking before she flipped around. I figured she wanted to ride me, so I got on my back. Emma then mounted me and rode me cowgirl-style. We were again face-to-face, and I looked into those dreamy eyes, which seemed to be lit by fire. She pounded down on me—I hardly needed to move—and she came with a scream that I thought would alarm the neighbors.

We were both panting, and I got an idea. "Do you want me to fuck your ass?"

She smirked and said, "I don't know—you're so big." But then she reached back to ease my cock out of her pussy and press it against her sphincter. She slowly descended, but soon I was deep inside her. When I was fully seated in her bottom, she was positively baying. I was probably making some strange noises myself.

For someone who seemed unsure about anal, she sure rode my dick like an authority. I relished the feeling of her snug back passage clutching and releasing my cock as she rose and fell on my pole. The muscles in her thighs tensed and relaxed rhythmically as she repeatedly impaled herself on my shaft. It was pretty fucking hot.

While I wanted to make the moment last, I was helpless against the sensations her tight hole was delivering. Before long, I came with a loud cry, shooting blast after blast of come into her beautiful butt. She moaned each time I spurted, making me think she felt each hot pulse splashing against her insides. That seemed so dirty to me, and I shivered hard as I released the last of my load.

It's now understood that whenever I'm in London, Emma and I hook up. I still don't know much about her, as we





don't set aside time for conversation. I think she's got a boyfriend, but what she tells him when she visits my hotel room I don't know. Maybe they have an open relationship.

Every time I return home, my wife and I fuck like crazy. She doesn't tell me anything about her lover, and I don't tell her anything about Emma. Although when I go outside and catch Ab-man mowing his lawn, I notice he can't look me in the eye. But when I asked my wife for cowgirl anal, she smiled. I could tell from the expression on her face that she knew where I'd experienced that delight. She, in turn, gave me a blowjob with a mouthful of ice chips, a new one for us. I figured Ab-man taught her that.

In the end, my promotion was great for everyone concerned. Now I even volunteer to go to London whenever necessary, which makes my boss really happy and earned me a nice bonus.

—S.P., Port St. Lucie, Florida

THREE-WAY AFFAIR

My job requires a lot of travel, which means I often leave my husband alone at home. We spend a few weeks together at a time, fucking like bunnies all the while, but spending so many days apart has been difficult. Phone sex was hot for a while, but it was nowhere near as satisfying as physical contact.

We started swapping fantasies over the phone to intensify our mutual masturbation sessions, but those stories about taking on imaginary

"I FUCKED HER IN EVERY POSITION I KNEW—THEN SHE CAME UP WITH MORE."

lovers soon blossomed into a string of illicit trysts that we relay back to one another. We take extreme pleasure in one-upping each other, seeking out experiences that will make for an exciting story later.

After our hookups we call each other and recount our latest adventures in graphic detail, each of us reaching an explosive climax without ever being in the room together. The trust and sharing has forged an intimate bond between us that deepens every orgasm. It also fuels my need to bring bigger, better stories to the table.

That's why I kicked off a one-month stint in a new city by visiting the hotel bar. I chatted up the man to my left and the woman to my right, drawing them both into a flirtatious conversation that seemed to make the air around us sizzle.

After several drinks and plenty of conversation, it appeared we'd struck up quite a group dynamic. During our talk, I explained that I was married, but that my husband and I had an understanding—and that I always told

him about the trouble I got into on the road. That dirty little detail seemed to inspire an especially wicked sparkle in Alec's eyes.

Clenching my thighs to quell the pulse in my core, I wrote down my room number on a napkin and slid it across the bar. Glancing meaningfully to the people on either side of me, I simply said, "I'll be waiting."

On slightly shaky legs I made my way to the elevator bank, my heart pounding the entire journey up to my room. Truth be told, I was so turned on by both of my bar companions I couldn't choose one, so I decided to just go for broke. Now I would have to wait and see if my gamble would pay off.

Fortunately, it didn't take long to discover I'd hit the jackpot. About 15 minutes after I'd entered my room, a knock sounded on the door. A quick glance through the peephole revealed Alec and Jessica.

Within minutes of the pair entering my room, clothes were flying in all directions. A playful shove from Alec landed me on the bed. He touched his fingertips to my nipples, circling over the nubs until they turned into hard little pebbles. At the same time Jessica curled her fingers around my ankles, then slowly slid her hands up my trembling limbs until her thumbs nudged my pussy.

"Jessica and I came to an agreement in the elevator," Alec muttered against my neck. "We like each other enough, but we're really more interested in you. So who's going to have you first?"

Emboldened by their desire, I decided to go all in again.

"You could both have me first ..."

Alec cocked a brow, clearly needing a bit more guidance. Casting my eyes down for faux-demure effect, I whispered, "I've always wanted to come while there's a cock in my mouth."

Understanding softened Alec's features. He rearranged the bed's

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pillows so they'd prop up my head and back. Kneeling, Alec straddled my shoulders and swirled the tip of his cockhead over my lips. When he pulled away I licked my lips, tasting Alec's essence. The anticipation made my mouth water.

Meanwhile, Jessica's head was between my thighs. Her tongue played between my folds, making my sex juices flow. I wanted to jam my pussy against her face and force her to turn that promise of pleasure into real, live bliss.

At the same time I longed to pull Alec's length into my mouth. To wrap my lips around his girth and map the delicately veined skin with my tongue. I love giving blowjobs. The unselfish sexual act never fails to make me wildly horny. The longer and deeper I suck, the harder my pussy throbs, leaving me wishing for a release of my own.

Alec's dick slid past my lips, and a moan rumbled through my body.

Sucking someone off while I climax has always been a fantasy of mine. With Jessica's head buried between my thighs and Alec's thick cock filling my mouth, that dream was soon to become a reality.

As his dick touched the back of my throat, Jessica traced a delicate circle around my engorged clit with her tongue. A shocking jolt of pure pleasure wracked my body, eliciting another loud moan that delivered wicked vibrations

**“EVERY MOAN
AND GROAN SHE
INSPIRED
RUMBLING
AGAINST ALEC'S
COCK.”**

to the cock in my throat.

Losing the last threads of his gentlemanly demeanor, Alec gripped the sides of my head and pumped his dick into me. Meanwhile, Jessica worked my pussy with the finesse of a seasoned pro. Turning the average finger-fuck and suck on its head, Jessica plunged her plump tongue into my pussy while her fingertips massaged my clit.

Being showered with erotic attention from two attractive partners was threatening to produce the most intense sexual release of my life. Electricity pulsed through my veins, leaving my body thrashing on the bed as I craved the climax that was just barely out of my reach.

I desperately wanted to arch my body and push my pussy toward

Jessica's mouth. But my torso was caged between Alec's muscular thighs. Every time I tried to bow my back, I met a powerful wall of man.

Being pinned in place only intensified my pleasure. Jessica had worked me into a frenzy, leaving me hovering at the edge of orgasm. Every moan and groan she inspired rumbled against Alec's cock as he thrust it in and out of my mouth. Knowing that my pleasure fed his was all I needed to relax and allow myself to tumble into ecstasy.

Jessica's fingers and tongue worked overtime as I groaned and thrashed between the two of them, being totally overcome with bliss. The orgasm was everything I'd dreamed it would be, with my passionate cries muffled by the cock that was fucking my face.

Careening toward his own orgasm, Alec grunted and pumped even harder into my mouth. His balls slapped against my chin as he panted and ground out, “Yeah, you take it. You gonna go home and tell your husband how I fucked this pretty little mouth?”

For Alec this was a rhetorical question, but I had an answer ready anyway. *Yes, sir. I will*, I said to myself. In fact, thinking about how I would explain this experience to my husband made the moment even hotter for me. It made me want to be wanton and wild, crafting the perfect erotic experience that I would recount the following morning.

Once Alec finished shooting his seed down my throat, he withdrew from me slowly. He glanced over his shoulder and froze for a moment, as if only just remembering Jessica was the reason I'd been moaning around his cock.

“Jessica, baby,” he crooned. “It's your turn.”

He swung his leg over me and began to move behind her on the bed. “Wait!” I shouted.



Meeting their confused stares, I said, "I want to taste her."

Alec chuckled. "Fine by me, since I want a taste of you."

A quick shuffle around in the bed saw Jessica straddling my face while Alec crouched between my thighs.

Jessica's sex was slick with dew. Her thick honey was sweet on my tongue as I lapped and nuzzled her pussy. When Alec's actions started making me moan, I sucked Jessica's clit between my lips and allowed my rumbling excitations to pleasure her aroused flesh. I'd become a living, breathing vibrator. I didn't just want Jessica to come—I wanted her to gush. I wanted to feel the rush of her juices slip between my lips and dribble down my chin.

While I feasted on Jessica's pussy, Alec took his time exploring mine. A shiver ran up my spine as his thumbs parted my sex. His hot breath made my wet flesh tingle.

For a moment, I wished he hadn't just blown his load down my throat. My pussy positively ached to be fucked. Licking, nibbling and sucking could only take me so far. I needed penetration.

Somehow understanding I craved

more than a mouth on my clit, Alec shoved three fingers inside me. I moaned in relief. My fingers curled around Jessica's hips as I bucked and writhed, seeking to impale myself further onto Alec's digits.

He started off gentle, rhythmically thrusting his fingers in and out of me, but soon he began to pound my pussy. He hit the perfect place inside me, causing a shower of sparks to fly over my skin.

My desperate moans grew louder as my muscles tensed. The pressure that had been building in my cunt released in a body-shaking explosion. Heat radiated from my core to my limbs, jolting my body.

Smothering my screams in the warm and welcoming folds of Jessica's pussy, I twisted and shook under the force of my orgasm. Warm liquid gushed from my center, soaking the sheets beneath us. Somewhere in my hazy, sexed-up stupor I committed to making Jessica's body do the same.

Still twitching from my own release, I used all of my energy to slip a hand between Jessica's legs. Curving my other hand around the swell of her ass, I shoved two fingers deep within her and curled them, giving her just

enough pressure to drive her insane.

A broken moan told me she liked what I was doing, so I increased the intensity of my massage and sucked harder on her clit. When her thighs tightened around my head, I knew I'd found the right rhythm.

I began to drive my fingers inside her at a furious speed, stoking the fire that was smoldering inside her. After another twitch and a moan, Jessica shivered wildly as her orgasm overtook her. Sweet juices poured from her pussy onto my lips, trickling into my mouth so I could taste the fruits of my labor.

Those last moments stayed with me long after I was alone in my bed. My hot three-way affair was the first thing I wanted to tell my husband about the following morning. With that last thought in my mind, I enjoyed a completely peaceful night of sleep.

—L.S., Seattle, Washington

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department OS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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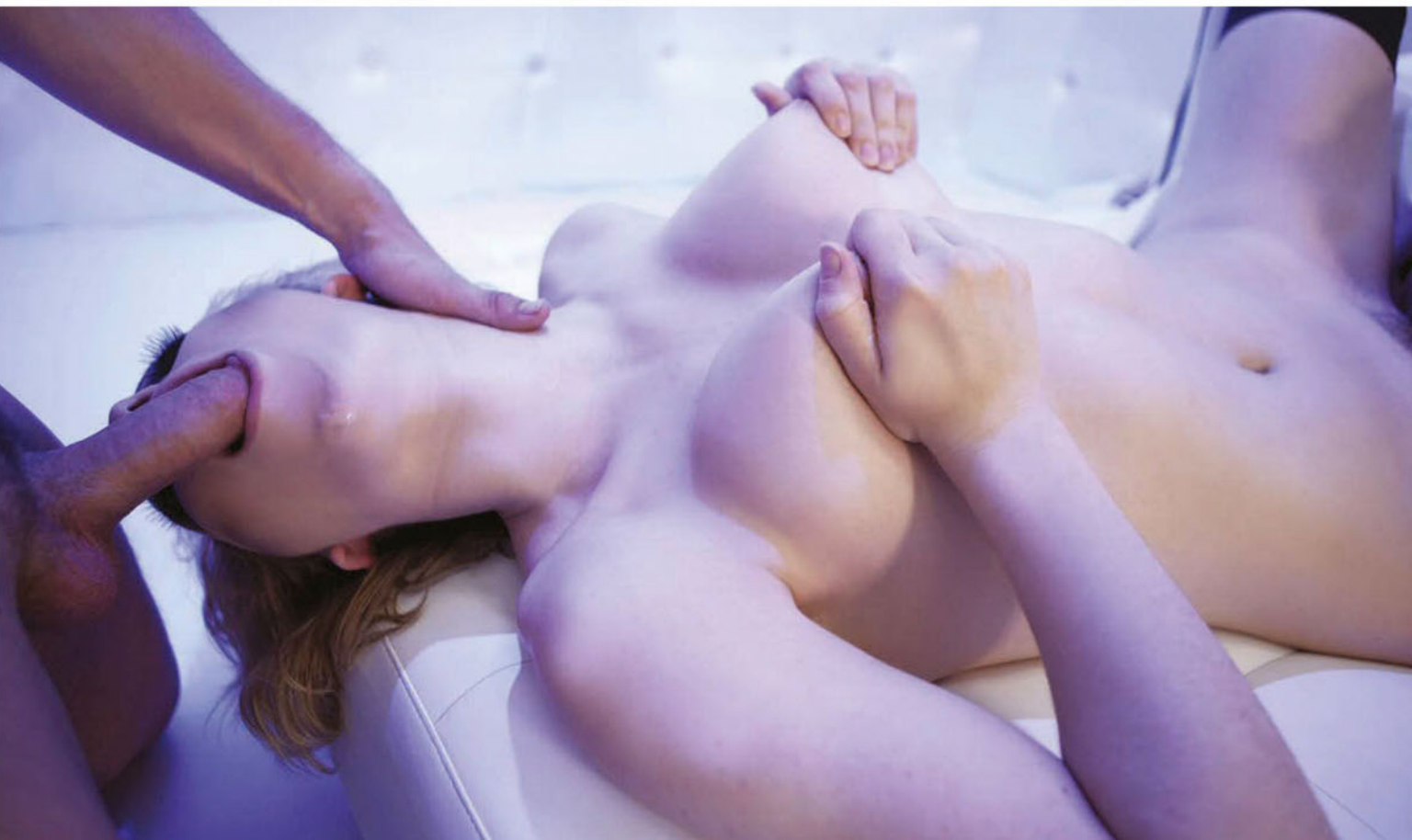
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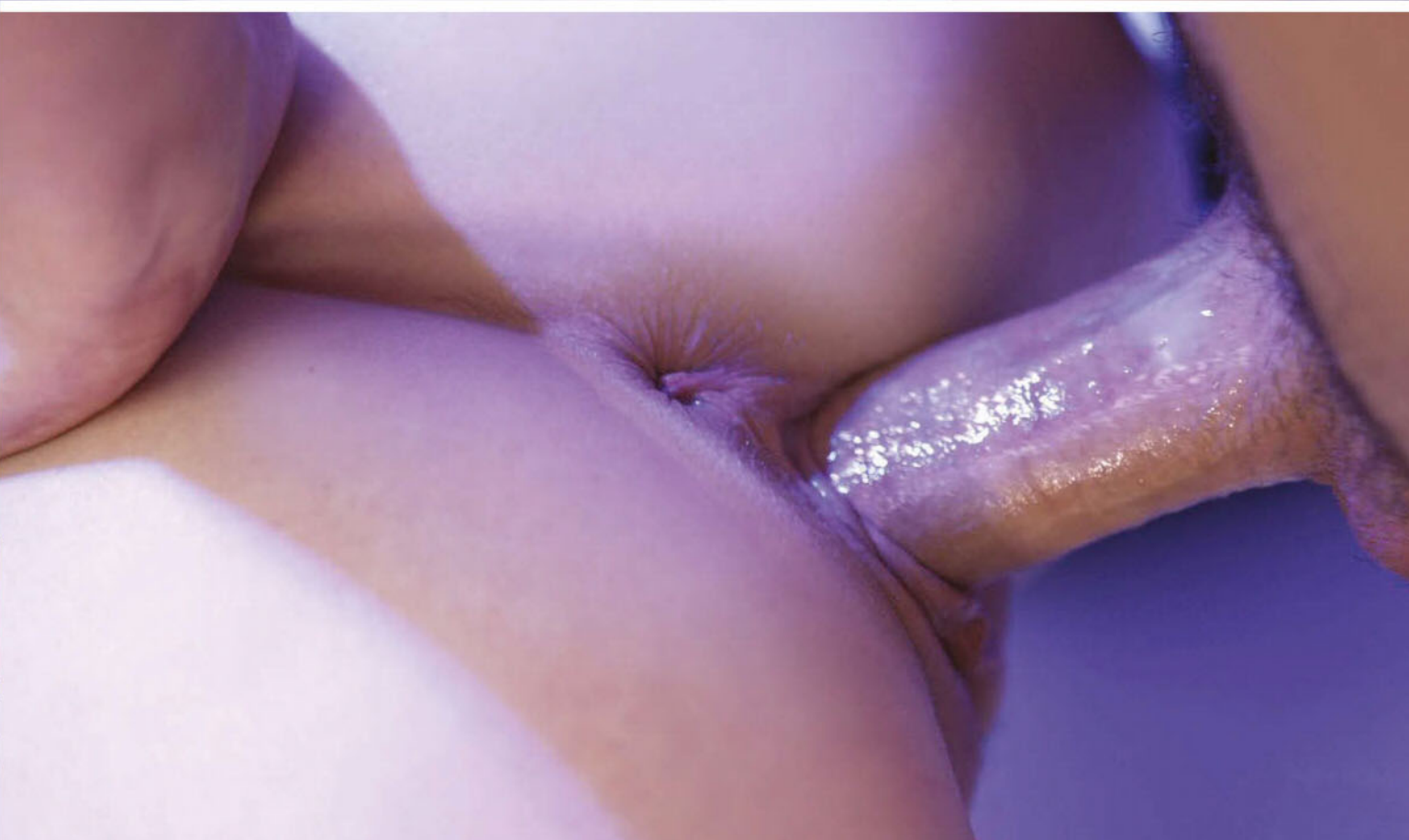


“A DOUBLE DOSE OF COCK IS THE
PERFECT CURE!”

—LILY



















TOP 10

JENNA & KENNA



TOP 10 RULES FOR FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

10. Sleepovers are optional.
9. Think twice before hooking up with a neighbor.
8. Don't be greedy—your friend is allowed to have other lovers.
7. Stick to sex. Don't muddy the waters by going on “dates.”
6. Don't spy on their social media posts.
5. You're allowed to take a break.
4. Play the right way. Safe sex is a must.
3. Don't assume you're exclusive—this is a low-key thing.
2. Keep your fuck-buddy from your usual social circles.
1. Have fun—don't take the relationship too seriously.



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VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

BLUSHING beginners discover their missing kink in this issue's candid bondage confessions. Curious ladies get shown the ropes—and cuffs—when they meet the masterful men of their dreams. While an old pro has her pleasure doubled, when her night in thrall includes not one but two handsome men.

But there's no shortage of powerful women. In Cameron Davis's "A Cunning Contest," a pair of wicked dommes put their devoted boot slaves to the test, making their beloved boys display their oral skills in an erotic competition for the ages.

Billy Morrison continues the good vibrations with his clever tale "Working Remotely," in which he manages to put in some very special overtime, simultaneously pleasing his demanding boss—and his sex-hungry wife.

Wide World has more bad-girl confessions, including a parking-lot punishment that thrills a submissive exhibitionist and a rainy-day hookup between two randy roommates.

Have you had a kinky adventure so good it deserves to be shared? Tell us about it! Send your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!





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■ SURRENDER

“Can I help you?” the bearded man behind the counter asked as I wandered past him in the hardware store. I looked at him—met those stone-gray eyes of his—and blushed. Was it that obvious I was out of my element?

“I need rope,” I said. But before I could finish, he quipped, “Don’t we all?”

“I mean,” I continued, stammering, “for a clothesline. I want to hang one in the backyard, but I’m not all that...” What was the right word? “Handy.”

He smiled at me, and I felt my heart race.

“Cut yourself some slack,” he said gently. “Everyone has to start somewhere.” I saw from the tag on his shirt that his name was Max. I introduced myself and explained that I’d been in hardware stores before, of course. But I have never been all that adept in the DIY department. Mostly, I’ve relied on significant others to do the “it” for me. Now, that I was single, I had decided to make a change.

Max seemed happy to lead me to the display and help me choose exactly what I was looking for. I had a clothesline in mind. How did I end up with other hanks in assorted weights and colors? There was simply something in the way he offered them, in the way he kept fondling the cords, that made me wet in the panties and weak in the knees.

“Do you have the rest of the tools you’ll need?” he asked as he rang me up.

I couldn’t answer because I was thinking about his tool and wondering how ballsy I could be.

“If you’d like, I could come hang your line for you.”

“If you’d do that, I’ll repay you with dinner,” I offered quickly, and just like that we had a deal.

When Max came over after his shift, things got a little knotted and a lot naughty. He said that he’d never seen a

woman look so beautiful before as I had with my basketful of hemp.

I said, “I don’t know the first thing about how to lay rope.”

“Luckily,” he said, “I’ve got enough experience for both of us.”

Later that balmy evening, I found myself tied to my bed. It might have been late fall, but we were having a heat wave, which is why I’d been after a clothesline in the first place. He roped my wrists and bound me to the headboard, then took care of my ankles with the same finesse. When I was fixed in place, he fixed himself between my thighs and licked up and down my juicy split. I raised my

“BEING BOUND HAD UNLEASHED MY INNER TIGRESS. I ROARED AND GROWLED.”

hips upward, as if I wanted to reach the ceiling, when really all I wanted was to press my pussy to Max’s magic mouth.

He’d given me enough slack for that, but basically that was as far as I was going until he set me free. He parted my pussy lips with his fingers, and he used his tongue to make darting, dangerous circles up and over my clit. What a handyman! He really knew how to please a woman, and in seconds his mouth was coated with my juices.

In the past, I’ve covered my eyes when a lover has gone down on me. I’ve hidden my pleasure behind my hands. But with Max, I was unable to do that. I was fixated on watching him bestow the most sublime bliss on me with his talented

tongue. He seemed delighted to bring me to the verge, where I no doubt had sparkles of stardust in my eyes. He thrust his tongue forcefully into my pussy, and then he pulled out to tap the tip against my clit until an orgasm burst through me like an electric rainbow. I was gone. Demolished. Totaled by his tongue bath.

Only when I’d caught my breath did he strip out of his clothes and join me on the mattress. Clearly, he was ready to be in me, yet he kept me tied for this part of the ride, as well. His thick, hard cock probed me deeply. I would have—in any other time—wrapped my legs around his waist. But again I was thwarted. I was under his control, and I liked that sensation.

Being bound so firmly had unleashed my inner tigress. I roared and growled. I hummed and purred. When he came, I came with him. Giving in and giving up, I surrendered to the power of his thrusts, crying out loudly.

My handsome handyman roped me to the bed, and then he lassoed my heart.

—W.R., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

■ BOUND

I was standing by the photocopy machine in the file room when my bra got the better of me. You might think that an intelligent woman, such as myself, would be able to outsmart her underwear. But the twist in my bra was not easily fixed and was simply too much for me to bear. Nobody was around. I thought I’d be able to slip a hand inside my blouse, fix the twist and be ready to rumble...or at least, ready to finish photocopying.

Unfortunately, the twist was not as easy to finagle as I’d anticipated. I peeked out the doorway. There was nobody in the hallway. I probably ought to have slipped off to the bathroom to remedy the situation, but I was mid-project, and I didn’t want to pause the copy machine.

Quickly, I unbuttoned my blouse.

Then I peered out again. No one was coming. I undid the bra strap, untangled the fabric, redid the fastener, and...that's when I heard the distinct sound of a man clearing his throat. *Fuck*. I continued to stare straight ahead.

"Need a hand?" came next.

I was buttoning up as fast as I could, feeling foolish and embarrassed and hoping like hell it wasn't my boss standing there when I turned around.

"No, I'm good," I said. Maybe whichever coworker of mine had caught me undressing in the file room would simply move along. We'd never talk about my foolishness, and I'd never discover who he was. I looked over my shoulder, and there stood Ian with a huge grin on his face. Ian, the wizard from accounting. He's always had a thing for figures—at least, that's the joke around the office.

"You see," I sighed, realizing I was going to have to offer an explanation, after all. "My bra was, well, wrong. I tried to fix it quickly, and when I couldn't I had to strip down to make things work."

He nodded, shooting me a sympathetic stare.

"Yesterday, I had the same problem with my jockstrap. I had to wiggle the thing down and flip it inside out before I could get comfortable."

I giggled. I shouldn't have. But I had an image of what Ian would look like half naked by the copy machine. Then I realized that he'd caught me precisely like that.

"So where is this misbehaving bra?" Ian asked curiously.

"Back in place," I assured him.

"What if we teach it a lesson?" he suggested.

"What do you mean?" I asked, intrigued.

"What if we get together after work and have a serious training session with your bra?"

And so we did. Eight o'clock that night, I was in Ian's bedroom, with him dressed

and me naked, but for my panties. He had my bra in his hands, and he was definitely showing that frilly piece of lingerie who was in charge. Effortlessly, he used my bra to capture my wrists over my head. Then he whispered in the most seductive manner, "Let's see if we can teach your bra how to stay in place."

"And then what?" I asked.

"Then you get the reward."

I realized that the bra and I were on the same side in this competition. That was good news to me. My bra and I could behave. I was sure of it. Ian stared down at me. I stayed totally still. Then he leaned forward and slowly kissed a line from my collarbone to my pubic bone. I bucked, and the bra tugged against my wrists. He gave me a sharp look. I widened my eyes back at him, telling him wordlessly that I would behave. After a few silent beats, he continued. This time, he used his fingers to stroke me. I sighed, but I managed to hold myself still. He dipped one digit under the waistband of my panties and probed my pussy. My nerve endings were pinging. Mentally, I squirmed in delight. Outwardly, I was like a lingerie mannequin. I held my place and my peace.

Though he might have said this was a lesson for my bra, it was actually a lesson

for me. I realized that right away.

There's a way Ian squints sometimes at work, when he's consumed by a major project. That was the look on his face as he considered me. He tugged my panties to the side and let his fingertips tap out a delirious rhythm on my clit. A shiver ran all the way through me—at least, internally. But I remained outwardly immobile.

"Good girl," he said, and then quickly added, "and good bra. Now, let's try something a little more difficult." I watched as he undressed and then came closer to the bed. His cock was fully erect. My bra and I had definitely gotten lucky this evening!

"Now, about those panties," he mused as he began to pull them down my legs.

"What about them?"

"Have they ever given you a tough time?"

I thought about it. Sometimes they revealed themselves in the form of pantylines. I told Ian this and he said, "Well, we can't have that." In a flash, he was using the panties to bind my ankles together. There was just enough fabric for this trick. I found myself completely at ease and amazed at the way he worked. I was trussed up by lingerie and loving every second of it. Ian climbed on to the



VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE



mattress with me and lifted my bound legs in the air to expose my sex as he said, “You stay very still, so we can teach your misbehaving undergarments how to behave in the future.”

I obeyed as he let me feel the first inch of his cock slip between my nether lips. He thrust into me a little deeper. I held as still as I could. He drove in farther, and I started to tremble. He began to fuck me at a faster pace. I could tell that I was going to climax at any second. There was something slightly surreal and seriously sexy about being bound by my own clothing. When I was at the cusp of climaxing, Ian used a hand to stimulate my clit while he continued to fill me with his cock. That action ripped through me. I tore one foot free of the bindings as my pleasure overflowed. Ian joined me with his own orgasm. He didn’t hold back either, filling me up before fully unfastening my bonds. We held each other in his bed, kissing softly and dreaming up new adventures.

Ian said, “If you wear stockings next time we could have even more fun.”

“I do have this one pair that never stays up,” I confessed. “Even with garters.”

“Bring those miscreants with you,” he insisted. I promised I would.

—M.M., Indianapolis, Indiana

■ WATCH & LEARN

“What if I tied you down?” Ryan asked me. “What if?” I challenged in return. I didn’t see anything

odd in the question. Ryan ties me down often. It’s one of our favorite ways to play, with me bound and him able to do anything and everything. He enjoys using cuffs or rope. Over the years, he’s become quite a connoisseur where bondage is concerned. Apparently, this is what he wanted to talk to me about.

“And what if...what if I invited over friends?”

Friends to do what? To watch? To participate? Both ideas were fueling unanticipated arousal in me.

“One friend, actually,” he continued when I didn’t immediately balk. “What if Jack came over?”

“What would he be coming over for?” I asked tentatively. I like Jack. He’s a kind-hearted guy with shaggy brown hair and bulging biceps.

“To watch and learn.”

I wanted to know more before I agreed, but I was already planning on agreeing. My pussy was wet at the thought of Jack watching—whatever it

was he would be watching.

“It came up in conversation.”

“It?” I asked.

“That I like to tie you down.”

“How did it come up?”

“Well, I was smiling. And he said, ‘Why are you smiling like that?’”

“And you said bondage.”

“Something like that.”

“How like that?”

“He said he wanted to add a little spice to his life, and I said our sex life was plenty spicy.”

“So now he’s going to observe?” I was aware that Jack had a girlfriend. But I could think of worse ways to spend a Friday night than having him watch Ryan fuck me.

“If you don’t mind.”

I didn’t mind, and on the appointed night I found myself stripped down while hunky Jack sat on our easy chair and Ryan cuffed me to the bed.

“See?” he said to his friend. “I have her stretched out with her wrists over her head.” Then he splayed my legs and bound each ankle to the bedposts.

“So I need a four-poster?” Jack wanted to know.

“It’s not mandatory,” Ryan said. “But the four-poster makes things easy.”

Ryan began pulling out different devices and explaining their uses to Jack. I could have been clothed for this display. Why was I naked during all of this? I could have been wearing lingerie or even yoga gear.

“You could bind her faceup or facedown,” Ryan told his friend. “You can only do her wrists or only do her ankles. There are no hard rules.”

Upon hearing the word “hard,” my gaze wandered to Jack’s crotch. Was he hard? I was wet. Could he tell?

Ryan was still explaining. “You’ll want to give her a safeword, in case things get too intense, and I would suggest not using a gag until both of you are really comfortable.”

That’s when Jack said, “Actually, my

girlfriend and I broke up..."

Ryan looked at me.

There was a moment of silence in the room. Jack was single? And I was tied to the bed. I winked at Ryan. He said, "What do you think?"

This time he was talking to me.

I nodded, feeling my breath catch. Ryan and I had discussed inviting a third into our bedroom before, but we'd never acted on our fantasies.

"Want to join us?" Ryan queried.

"You game?" Jack asked me, sounding excited.

"Like you wouldn't believe."

And then we went from him watching to him doing. Jack undressed and held himself over me as Ryan offered instructions. He slowly, gently, dragged the tip of his cock between my pussy lips. I whimpered. I was so horny from the way Ryan had been talking about me. I couldn't hold back. Ryan got naked, too. I could see him from the corner of my eye. He motioned for me, and I turned my head to the right, so I could blow him while Jack fucked me. There were no more instructions. We were all acting on instinct.

I used all of Ryan's favorite tricks as I sucked his dick, but mostly I paid attention to Jack. Our friend was grunting as he plunged his cock inside me, occasionally whispering, "Oh, Jesus. Oh, Christ. Oh, yeah."

**"JACK HELD MY
HIPS TIGHT AS HE
FUCKED ME, AND
I LET MYSELF
GO."**

As the pace and intensity of his thrusts increased, I felt myself growing closer to climaxing—and Ryan was right there with me.

When Ryan came, I swallowed every drop of his load. Then my man stepped back and watched me with his friend. Jack held my hips tight as he fucked me, and I let myself go, appreciating every last inch of his cock, every second of the pleasure.

Ryan moved to the other side of the bed. I saw him working a hand up and down the shaft of his shiny cock. He was at full mast once more, and I wondered if he was waiting for his turn inside my pussy. I had no idea how the evening would end up, and I didn't care. However we finished was fine with me. Because this was the sexiest night of my life.

When Jack came, I came, too.

Watch and learn? It turned out to be a night of eye-opening experiences for all of us!

—J.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

DETERMINED

“You like a late workout?”
“Always.”

The new manager at my gym had been desperate for me to notice him. Every time I worked out, he appeared to be in my line of sight. If I was in the weight room, there he was wiping down a nearby machine. If I went to jump rope on the patio, he was out there, as well, adjusting the lights and making sure all of the free weights were put away properly.

I like to exercise after my workday ends, and I'm serious about my schedule, but I couldn't keep my eyes off him. He had a physique straight out of a muscle magazine and eyes like the pure blue of a fresh, mountain stream.

But despite his constant, distracting presence, I was determined to get my workouts done. After a long day at the office, all I wanted was the release of pumping iron and jumping rope.

But every night after leaving the gym,



VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE



“AFTER MY SHOWER, I CAME BACK INTO THE GYM. I WAS NAKED AND READY.”

I'd fantasize about him. That was my time. Me time. I'd think about the way he watched me, that little smile on his face as he tilted his head to take me in. I wondered what he was like in bed, whether he was someone who'd take charge or someone who would submit.

Finally, I decided to make a play. I went into the gym even later than usual, an hour before closing. The whole time I worked out, I noticed him noticing me. As I pushed through my exercises the rest of the members gradually departed. We were moving steadily toward

closing time. But I still had a few reps to get in. Only when I was drenched in sweat did I finally make direct eye contact.

He grinned at me. I grinned back. He looked around the desolate gym. It was just the two of us. The place was empty.

“Shower,” I said, indicating the women's changing room.

“And after?”

“What do you have in mind?”

He licked his lips and looked me up and down. “You looked good on the bench,” he said, indicating the sloping vinyl seat I'd done my sit-ups on.

“Yeah?”

“Have you ever been tied down on it?”

As I shook my head, I felt my pussy growing wet. I'd never been tied down anywhere before, but the idea was intriguing. He told me he would bind me to the scarlet board, and then he would make me come like I never had before.

“You'll be in total control,” he said.

“You'll have a safeword, and if things get too intense, you can tell me to stop.”

Ultimately, I agreed. He seemed so motivated that I found my expectations turned to high. I hadn't realized how

much I would actually love giving in. After my shower, I came back into the gym. I was naked and ready. He'd spread a towel over the sloping board, and he had a jump rope in hand. I was elated to see him using the equipment in a kinky new way.

Quickly, he bound my wrists to the bench. Then he did the same thing with my ankles, checking in with me the whole time.

“Are you okay?” he asked when I couldn't move.

“Very,” I said, and I was. I could feel a warm sensation spreading through me. I tested my bonds, found that I was fairly firmly held, and then I relaxed. Being bound made my cunt sloppy-wet.

He started by kissing the soles of my bare feet. Then he licked and kissed his way up my thighs. I raised my hips to encourage him, but I didn't say a word.

When I was nearly delirious with lust, he loosened the ropes so he could flip me over and bind me facedown. He fucked me like that, with me pinned in place. With my clit mashed against the towel-covered bench and his cock in me so deep, I came harder than I thought possible.

After we caught our breath and he set me free, I had to ask him a question of my own.

“Have you ever been tied down?”

He shook his head, but his eyes seemed brighter than usual, like he was lit up from inside.

“Well,” I said, feeling suddenly bound and determined myself. “It's time for me to take control!”

—J.R., Providence, Rhode Island

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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YES, MA'AM!

NEEO FOUND THE DOMME OF HIS DREAMS IN
NAUGHTY MISTRESS NIKITA.









“A GOOD SUBMISSIVE KNOWS HIS
PLACE — BENEATH ME!”

— NIKITA





A CUNNING CONTEST

An earnest submissive longs to please his mistress — and ends up pleasuring another, to boot!

By Cameron Davis

Don't look now—here comes trouble,” Mistress Diane cooed to me. Her large, dark eyes burned as if lit with a deep fire from within. I gazed up at her from my special spot at her side. I take great satisfaction in my mistress's appearance. She is haughty and regal on an average day, but for a night out clubbing, she goes the distance.

That evening, her chestnut tresses were pulled into a tight ponytail, accentuating her dramatic cheekbones and plump, pink lips. She was wearing a formfitting bodysuit made of bright red vinyl that featured a zipper running from her tits to her clit and beyond. The suit showcased her hourglass figure to perfection.

To complete her ensemble, she had on thigh-high fishnet stockings that magically stayed in place without garters and boots that reached just past her knees. The entire outfit twanged my desires, but the boots are what made my cock hard.

I had been preparing to worship her patent leather footwear, but her words piqued my interest.

Of course, her statement made me want to look. But I know my place, and my place is in the shadow of Mistress Diane. From nine to five, I am a high-powered business executive. But every evening as soon as I walk through her door, I become her sub, her pet, her plaything. On weekends, when I'm exceptionally lucky, she takes me out. That night we were at one of her favorite clubs. Around us were scattered other submissives and dominants, assorted males and females who lived to serve and be served. Nearby, a brunette woman was on her hands and knees, wearing a white lace teddy and a collar that glinted with the sparkle of tiny rhinestones. A metal leash attached

her to an authoritative blonde wearing a white suit and a black satin tie. They cut an attractive picture, this duo, but I didn't think they were the object of Mistress Diane's comment.

Then from the corner of my eye I spied one of Mistress Diane's friendly rivals, a dominatrix named Michelle who was towing her latest boy toy behind her on a black leather leash. He was wearing a

**“I RUBBED MY
CHIN AGAINST HER
CONCEALED CUNT
AND TONGUED
HER PANTIES.”**

matching collar, a pair of black silk boxers and nothing else. I was similarly attired, although my shorts were the blue of the sky at dusk.

“May I lick your boots?” I asked subserviently. Did she want to show Michelle her power over me? Or did she want me to simply remain at her side, like an adoring pet? I would do whatever she desired. During our four years together, she's trained me well. When I behave as she desires, she rewards me. When I fail her, she punishes me. Sometimes my rewards would seem to be of the punishing variety to the casual observer, but my desires are different from most.

Michelle parked herself at Diane's side on the leather banquette and said,

“What a handsome little boot-polisher you have there. Would he be interested in worshipping mine?”

Oh, the torture. Yes, I would definitely be interested, but the question was directed toward my mistress. I had no right to announce my fervent desire.

Michelle was wearing wine-red boots that reached her thighs. They were made from some soft kind of shiny material. Bendy and flexy. I wanted to taste them. I wanted to lick all the way up the left one, flutter my tongue against her pussy—which was covered by tiny panties—and then travel down her other gorgeous gam. I wanted...

“He's very good,” Mistress Diane said magnanimously. Her praise made my chest swell.

“Definitely a charmer,” Michelle cooed, leaning forward to pet my head.

“As is yours,” Diane responded, indicating Donny.

For a moment, there was silence, as the two women observed each other's submissive. I had an idea of what might happen, but I didn't want to get my hopes—or my cock—up.

The ladies began discussing us, as if we weren't even there—like we were their possessions, which we were.

As I eavesdropped, I stared at Donny. He was a little newer to the scene, more of a pup than me. He appeared to be holding himself in check—chest forward, head up. A statue. A beautiful specimen of male servitude.

I could see his appeal, but I knew that Mistress Diane appreciated what I had to offer. I wasn't jealous or even competitive. I simply waited to see what would happen next. And what happened was...

“A race.”

“Really?” queried my lady.



"Yes, but we'll swap."

"To make things even more complicated?"

"I love a complicated climax."

Oh, my heart started to pound quickly. Mistress Michelle explained the rules. I would lick her boots—and beyond—while at the same time Donny would take care of my lady. Whoever made his dominatrix of the moment come first was the winner. There would be, I supposed, a reward for the winner and quite possibly a punishment for the loser, but our queens did not bother to announce those details. Still, my dick throbbed with excitement. I felt the beast in my shorts twitch powerfully with desire. I didn't care how I got off in the end, only that I would. Mistress Diane always takes me where I need to go—when she decides I'm ready. I trusted her to take care of me. I always do.

Donny and I switched places. I started at the tip of Mistress Michelle's toes and showcased all my talents. I licked and slicked my tongue against her right boot. I raised my haunches high in the air while bringing my face down low. While I was worshipping my temporary mistress's wares, I was aware of Donny behaving similarly at my side. I could hear the sound of his tongue lapping busily. I listened for the noises I associate with my lady's pleasure. I wondered if she'd sigh and moan for him the way she does for me, and if she'd praise him for his skills. My ears were perked at first. But slowly I grew

more focused on my own task, becoming consumed by my desire to please the regal woman before me.

Two boot worshippers turned out to be better than one, as anyone might have guessed. Donny laved Diane, while I manhandled Michelle. I used my hands to bring her boots up to my face, one at a time, and I made sure my tongue traced over every luscious inch of the shiny material. There would be no spot left unlicked if I did my job right. I began to fantasize about the way Michelle might taste when I finally reached her pussy. I wondered if she'd be slightly sweet like my mistress or have a sharper flavor—if she kept her pussy shaved bare or if she'd have a bush for me to get lost in. I didn't have a preference. I was being fueled by anticipation and lust.

Every so often, I would raise my head to appraise Donny's technique. He was doing a fine job, dutifully licking my mistress's boots. But he seemed—at least to me—more methodical and measured in his motions. I was on fire, a seething ball of activity. I used the palms of my hands to cradle Mistress Michelle's lean legs, and I even dared to suck on her spiked heels. She seemed to appreciate my earnest efforts.

The two ladies did their best to maintain a conversation while Donny and I worked below their waists. I heard snippets of their words, but mostly their conversation flowed over me, the cadence of their

voices a soothing backbeat to my labor of lust.

"Don't hold back," Mistress Michelle teased as I tentatively broached her unclothed thigh above the band of her right boot. Because I had been given a green light, I licked her naked skin with the same gusto I'd bestowed upon her fancy footwear. I allowed myself to bask in the way my temporary mistress tasted. Her skin was pale and supple, and I even nipped the tops of her thighs. This brought a surprised squeal to her lips, which amped me up even further.

I wanted her to be out of her head with desire by the time she felt my tongue on her pussy. As just a tease, I licked the crotch of her panties—but made no attempt to delve beneath.

"Oh, yes, oh, dear," she sighed. I took her exclamations as a positive sign. Some mistresses do not show any emotion, but I was obviously getting to Mistress Michelle. The notion filled me with pride and sent my arousal soaring higher.

I rubbed my chin against her concealed cunt and tongued her panties with a ferocious fervor. I even used my teeth ever so gently, to give her more forceful attention, employing all of the tricks I'd been taught by my loving owner.

Mistress Diane has schooled me well. From the very first time I served her, she has instructed me on how to please a woman. Of course, no two dommes are the same, but I was fairly certain what I

VARIATIONS

▾ FETISHISM

was doing would also work wonders for Michelle. Our contest had begun on a playful note, but I wanted to win. I hoped I was pleasing my imperious beauty. Every part of me was filled with the urge to succeed—and the hope of an erotic reward.

I varied my technique to keep Mistress Michelle off guard. I made sure her panties were good and damp. I made darting circles over her clit and teased her silk-covered entrance. But then, even after I had pulled her panties to the side and let her feel the seductive wet kiss of my mouth on her mound, I abandoned her cunt and returned to licking her boots once more. She seemed totally demolished by the move, arching her body on the banquette. In response to her obvious hunger, I probed her pussy with my fingers while I continued to lick the tops of her boots.

"Oh, Jesus," she sighed, squirming in her seat. I knew what she wanted. She wanted my mouth once more. Although I'm naturally submissive, I still understand the power of being in charge of someone else's pleasure. Heat flared through me as Michelle's fingertips stroked my head, communicating her unspoken need for me to travel up her beautiful body and dine on her delectable slit. For the moment, she stopped short of ordering me to eat her, as if she wanted to let the contest play out on its own and not give me a leg up on the competition. But I could sense her excitement; her body practically vibrated with it.

Michelle continued to sigh and writhe. Without warning I tugged her panties to the left once more and let my tongue connect with her slick, pink flesh. She barked out a cry of unadulterated excitement. The joyful noise sent a jolt of pleasure straight to my cock. She was deeply aroused, and honey pooled inside her pussy. I lapped up every drop I could before returning to her boots. I wanted her to crave my tongue. I wanted her to dream about what it would feel like as I traced

figure eights and dramatic shapes up and over her pulsing clit.

To my delight, she seemed to have lost her senses. Mistress Diane continued to talk, but Michelle was wordless. I'd managed to rob a domme of her speech! The revelation indicated to me that I might be pulling ahead in the race. But a heartbeat later, Mistress Diane stopped talking, mid-sentence. I paused for a breath to look up at her, and I was shocked to see her head thrown back and her cheeks aglow. I knew that look. I've made her look like that many times. A feeling of desperation flooded through me.

Was she going to come first? Was

"THE SCENT OF MY MISTRESS SURROUNDED ME AND MADE ME MORE EXCITED."

Donny going to beat me? I couldn't fathom that. I didn't want to lose. I wanted to make my mistress proud of me. Donny shot me a cunning glance, but then Mistress Diane seemed to pull herself together. She straightened up and her breathing became more regular. Relief was sweet. Donny met my eyes, and I couldn't help but wonder what he'd done to make my mistress respond like that.

Oh. He was actually humping her leg. He had one of her thighs between both of his, and he was letting her feel his cock against her. This let her know that he was as turned on by worshiping her boots as she was by letting him do so. Well, if we were going to take out the big guns, then I would let Mistress Michelle

get a load of my...well, load.

Without asking for permission, without pausing to assess the situation, I shoved my shorts down and started to jack my rock-hard member. Both mistresses seemed surprised by my move. I could hear a murmur in the crowd around us. I'm hung and then some. I grazed my hand over the head, gathering up some of my free-flowing pre-come, and then yanked my shorts back up. I used my personal lubrication to add a special sheen to Mistress Michelle's boots.

The boots gleamed as I resumed lavaging her glorious pussy. It was now a race to the finish, with our mistresses trying their best to outlast one another. I was determined to get Michelle off first. I licked her like nobody's business, and when she ultimately ground her pussy into my face and creamed, I felt as if I had won the gold. In a way, I had.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Mistress Michelle cried.

Mistress Diane seemed to be incredibly pleased with my performance. But I realized that she had been left lacking. Donny hadn't done her right. He'd gotten her excited without giving her what she truly craved. I let my eyes meet hers to see if I could read any silent desires. She didn't make a move.

But Mistress Michelle said, "We have a winner. What would you like for your prize?" She practically sang with pleasure.

I knew exactly what I wanted. I wanted to come all over my true mistress's boots. Diane's boots. It would be a bold request.

On my knees, I moved closer to Mistress Diane. She stroked her elegant fingers through my hair. In my mind, I had a flash of what I'd looked like when I'd left for the office that morning: all buttoned up in a suit and tie, briefcase at my side. But right then, I was stripped save for my shorts, and I had an erection tenting the silky fabric into a structure large enough to host a circus.

"Would it please you if I came on your boots?" I asked, unable to hide the



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hopeful lilt in my voice.

My lady grinned at me and nodded. "As long as you get me off, too."

Mistress Michelle tugged on Donny's lead. "You watch," she hissed at him. "Maybe you'll learn a thing or two."

I appreciated their eyes on me. The fact that I was being observed made me even more desperate to win my mistress's approval. I moved in front of her and lowered my shorts again. Her eyes took in my every move. I gripped my johnson and jerked it roughly. She smiled encouragingly. I moved in between her thighs and started to lick her pussy. She arched and groaned, lifting her hips up off the seat and assisting me with her motions. My hand was a blur on my dick, and my tongue was a veritable machine as it flicked against her snatch. Although I'd appreciated the refreshingly different taste of Mistress Michelle, the flavor of my lady was home for me. The scent of

my mistress surrounded me and made me even more excited. The best days for me are those when I leave the house with her taste on my lips and return home for more of the same. I feel as if I could live on the liquid of her lust.

A tightness in my balls indicated I was on the brink. I continued to lap at my mistress's sweet snatch, but when I could hold back no longer, I moved slightly away from her and sprayed my come all over her boots. This created the most entrancing graffiti effect, my semen adorning my lady's footwear. For a few seconds, I think we all settled back to admire the art of my orgasm. Then I used both of my palms to really spread the jism into her boots. While I did this, I resumed mouthing her mound.

Mistress Diane was rapidly nearing her own climax.

What ultimately took her over the edge wasn't what I did, but what Mistress Michelle said. I believe in giving

credit where credit's due.

Mistress Michelle, speaking to Donny, demanded, "After she comes, you'll lick her boots clean."

That comment sent my mistress over the edge, causing her to shudder with pleasure which, in turn, made my dick rise to full mast again. Donny didn't look as if he minded in the least. In fact, if I were to bet, I'd have said he was turned on by the concept of what was basically my sloppy seconds.

Mistress Diane came louder than her companion had. She shouted her bliss so loudly everyone knew the extent of her orgasm. Warmth spread through me from my feet to my head. I was proud I'd helped bring her that delicious relief. She settled back down again and shot me a smile that melted me.

"We won," she mouthed with a wicked smile—and I felt overwhelming joy swell deep within my soul. ☪



WORKING REMOTELY

When business demands take Billy out of the bedroom, he still finds a way to pleasure his sex-hungry wife.

By Billy Morrison

The buzzing sound made me stop what I was doing. I had a dildo three-quarters of the way into my wife's pussy when the low rumble began. *That's strange*, I thought. I wasn't using a vibrator, only a silicone phallus. I actually checked the sex toy in my fist. Nope. This was indeed a non-rumbling device. When the sound continued, I realized it was my phone. Damn. I'd set my cell to "vibrate," and that noise was my cell doing a little shimmy on the nightstand.

It was my boss. Again.

I tried to ignore the annoying buzz of my phone and refocus instead on the siren in front of me. My luscious and lovely wife deserved all of my attention. Cheryl is my perfect 10. She's long, lean and lascivious with a crazy mess of dark curls that would suit a mermaid and freckles scattered cutely across the bridge of her nose. Her eyes light a room, I always say. The way they shine for me never fails to ramp up my heart rate.

But at that moment, her eyes were closed and her curls were flying as she whipped her head back and forth. In her lustful state, she didn't immediately notice my phone's rude rumble. Her impending climax was so close I could almost feel it myself. My right hand gripped the base of the toy, and the fingers on my left gently rubbed her clit in tandem. I wouldn't necessarily say I was jealous of the dildo I was wielding, but there was a slight twinge inside me. I know the pleasure of being balls-deep in Cheryl's snatch. Right then, the toy was having all the fun, so to speak.

"Don't stop, Billy. Keep going!"

I watched Cheryl's face as I pushed

the dildo deeper inside her and then rocked it back out. The phone stopped gyrating, but Cheryl didn't. Her hips were making loops against the mattress as she raised her body and then sank back down, with a swirling motion thrown in for good measure. She was practically doing a horizontal hula. My heart—and dick—swelled at the sight.

That's when the phone started up again. I glanced at the screen, feeling

**"I NUDGED THE
DIAL UPWARD. THE
MOANS FROM OUR
BEDROOM GREW
STEADILY."**

the urgency of its call. Cheryl caught me.

"Don't answer that!" she hissed, momentarily drawn away from her bliss. Her green eyes narrowed at me.

Usually, we leave our phones in the living room. The two of us have a pact to banish nonessential devices from the bedroom. But that night was different. I was in the midst of a huge project at work, and I'd promised my boss that I'd be available—at least, remotely. Cheryl hadn't been happy with the situation. Friday night is our night, the night that we keep clear of any other commitments. The night we break out the sex toys and fuck

each other like crazy.

While I'd made promises to my boss, I couldn't bear to answer his call.

The phone ceased ringing once more. Whatever the problem was, it could wait until after I brought my wife to orgasm—couldn't it? I imagined saying that to my boss: *I can't come to the phone because my wife is coming!* I didn't think that would go over too well.

I slid the last section of the dildo into Cheryl's pussy. The sigh she emitted seemed to come from the depths of her being. She was completely filled by the synthetic cock, and the tricks I was doing with my fingers were definitely having an effect on her.

A happy little chime alerted me to the fact that I'd received a new text.

"Don't you dare," she whimpered. I could feel the little tremors in the muscles of her inner thighs. Her entire body was poised on the brink, and the way she dug her nails into my arm let me know she was serious about what she'd said. "Don't," she repeated. "Don't answer, Billy—and don't stop. Please, don't..."

Her armful of bracelets jangled as her body bucked.

I rocked the dildo in and out, knowing the exact rhythm Cheryl needed to climax. The fact that a sex toy was taking her to a higher level is nothing new. We've played with all types of dildos and vibrators; I've used many devices on her over the years. When Cheryl told me she wanted a ring for her birthday, I knew she meant a cockring. When she went out one day to buy a plug, I was sure she meant the butt variety and not the electrical type—and I was right. Cheryl relaxed her grip on my arm and settled herself into the down-filled



comforter once more, floating in that near-nirvana haze of almost coming.

That's when the landline started to ring in my home office.

"Fuck," I muttered, guessing that my boss had decided to try a different route.

"You deserve a night off, like everyone else." I knew she was speaking with my best interest at heart, but also because she really, really wanted to come.

"I have to..." I told her, letting go of the toy. I'd been on and off the phone ever since I'd arrived home that night. I had thought we'd reached a safe spot—that we could be done until dawn—but my boss apparently had discovered a few more things that needed my attention. I hurried to my desk and grabbed the receiver.

"Oh, whew, William! I thought maybe you'd gone to bed," he said, sounding frazzled yet grateful.

I *had* gone to bed. He was right. I hadn't gone to sleep, though. I could hear the sound of Cheryl thrashing on the mattress. She was clearly not pleased with my decision. After listening to the panic in my boss's voice, I unraveled the issue. Luckily, I was only going to have to make a few minor adjustments to the file he'd sent. The revisions would take less than a half hour. I hung up and returned to the bedroom to give Cheryl the news.

She sat up in bed and pouted. Her beautiful breasts were so delectable I almost scrapped my plan and dove back under the covers with her. But this was important.

"Seriously," I assured her. "Thirty minutes. Tops."

The dildo was next to her on the cherry-printed comforter, glossy from the base to the tip. She was lying right next to it, thighs splayed, obviously waiting for me to finish the job I'd started. "Can't you just..."

"Thirty minutes," I said. "You can wait a half hour to come, can't you? You waited all week"

"I know. All week. Because Friday's our day!"

"This won't be a constant thing," I assured her. "You understand, don't you?"

She shook her head. Her curls bobbed around her pretty face. Even petulant, she was beautiful.

"The deprivation will increase your

VARIATIONS

SEX TOYS



**“SHE CRIED OUT,
AND I WONDERED
HOW LONG IT
WOULD TAKE FOR
HER TO COME.”**

assumed was a mix of satisfaction and embarrassment. I went to my dresser and pulled out a package. Cheryl reached for the gift with sticky fingers.

“You got me a present?”

“Yes, I did. A special something for my special girl.”

I watched her unwrap the box, and my cock grew hard when she pulled out the item. It was a remote-controlled vibrator attached to a pair of panties. Cheryl looked from the gift to me to the gift again.

“When I told my boss I’d be working remotely this weekend,” I said, “that gave me the idea. I planned to show it to you tomorrow.”

Cheryl put the black panties on in record speed. “How does it work?” she asked curiously, posing to admire her reflection in the mirror over our bed.

“You get to be in here,” I explained to her, “doing whatever it is you do when I’m not here.” She gave me a look. We both knew what she had been doing. “Then, when I want to, I’ll be able to dial in to your pleasure.”

She seemed a little skeptical, so I gave her a quick taste. Cheryl lay back on the bed, and I flicked the switch in my hand to the “on” position. Her lips parted into an “O” of surprise. Then she began to breathe harder. I’d bought a powerful vibrator, knowing exactly the type of pleasure my lady appreciates.

pleasure,” I said, attempting to use a seductive voice.

“I hate deprivation.”

She wasn’t buying it.

“Read a dirty book,” I tried next. “It’ll get you even more turned on.”

She threw a pillow at me, but gave me half a smile and reached for the book on her nightstand. I left to do my work. The sooner I got to it, the sooner I’d be back in the bed. That’s when I heard the clink of her silver bracelets. Cheryl always wears an armful of bangles from her wrist almost to her elbow. The musical sound could only mean one thing. She had taken over from where I’d left off!

“Cheryl!” I called out.

I tried to return to my work. Then her bracelets started to make noise again.

“You aren’t...are you?” I hollered down the hall.

There was a moan followed by silence.

“Sorry!” she finally responded a moment later, sounding sheepish.

“Sorry?” I muttered to myself. “Sorry” didn’t fully cover the fact that she’d obviously just climaxed in the other room all by herself. It wasn’t as if that had happened accidentally. *Oops! I just came. Sorry about that. Hope you don’t mind.* She’d come on purpose and with a purpose.

That’s when I decided to break out my surprise gift. I saved the file I was working on and returned to the bedroom. Cheryl watched me from the bed. Her cheeks were pink with what I

As soon as it looked like she was going to come, I turned off the device. She regained her sense of decorum fairly slowly. Clearly, the new toy had made its mark. Besides that, she was all loose-limbed and languid from her first orgasm of the evening.

"I have to go back to work now."

This time, there were no protesting sighs. If anything, she seemed happy to see me go. I knew she was curious about what would happen next. I left the room with the remote in the pocket of my sweatshirt. My mind told me to finish up the assignment. But I found concentrating difficult. My dick was at full mast, tenting my sweatpants. I thought of Cheryl in the other room. Was she playing with herself again? It wouldn't seem so, because I heard no sound of her bouncing bangles. I took the remote out of my pocket. Should I give her a blast? Was it too soon? My cock said it wasn't too soon at all. My cock told me to switch the button to "on."

I switched.

From the other room, Cheryl cried out my name. I loved the way that sounded. I was pleasuring her without even being near her. The wonders of modern technology! Earlier in the evening, I'd been cursing the fact that modern devices had allowed my boss to text me while I was embroiled in foreplay, but now I praised the tech gods who'd created such a magical plaything.

The remote was deceptively small. Yet I could tell the toy packed a wallop. Cheryl's groans grew in volume, escalating with each passing second. I shut my eyes, and thought of what she must look like. The chime of my phone brought me around again. Damn. I texted my boss that I was almost finished, and I let Cheryl enjoy the feeling for a few seconds more before turning the device off again. I resumed the edits on the piece from my boss. The sooner I focused my mind on my work, the



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SEX TOYS

quicker I could get my dick into Cheryl.

I put the remote by the computer.

I scrolled up to the top of the report to do one final read. I'd scanned two paragraphs when I realized I wasn't soaking in any of the words. My eyes were running the length of the sentences on the screen, but I was really thinking about the remote control. What would happen if Cheryl wore those panties and we went out for

**“WE WERE BOTH
LOST IN THE
BEAUTY OF THE
POWERFUL
MOTORIZED
RUMBLINGS.”**

the evening? We could go to a busy neighborhood pub, where the sound of the toy would be hidden by the cacophony of the crowd. Maybe I could take her out when a band was playing, have her dance for me and then turn on the device while she was on the floor...I was already imagining making Cheryl come in public, when my phone chimed once more with a new text.

It took a lot of willpower not to shove the phone into the drawer and head back to Cheryl. Instead, I answered the text and then picked up the remote once more. Would it hurt if I gave her another quick taste of the toy? Of course, not. I flipped the switch. Moans came from our bedroom, even louder this time. I started to play with the knob on the device that was in charge of its intensity. I'd had the toy set to the lowest possible level. Now I nudged the dial upward. The moans from our bedroom grew steadily in volume. If we weren't careful, the neighbors would start complaining.

I turned off the remote. *Billy*, I told

myself. *Get a handle on yourself. Finish your work, and then fuck your wife.*

But I couldn't. I began to fall into a pattern. I'd read two or three sentences, then hit Cheryl with a blast. I even started to work her with a rhythm. I'd turn on the remote, then run the dial up and down a few times before switching off the toy once more. The most exciting part to me was the fact that we truly were connected even though we were physically apart. She was down the hall in the bedroom. I was in my office. Yet the powerful device bonded the two of us together.

Read, Billy. Read. The voice in my head was such a stern taskmaster that I managed to make it through half of the report before remotely masturbating her once more. Cheryl's cries began to be punctuated by demands: "Come fuck me, Billy! I'm almost there, Billy!"

Somehow, I managed to finish with the report, making the annotated changes my boss desired, and returned the file to him. I sent a final text saying I was calling it quits for a few hours. Then I settled back in my chair to really pay attention to my wife's pleasure.

Cheryl was waiting for me. I knew that. There was total silence from our bedroom. I pictured her holding herself entirely still, anticipating the next blast of bliss. I turned on the device and spun the knob. Cheryl's moans made their way to my office once more. I amped up the power even more. She cried out again, and I wondered how long it would take for her to come. Then I decided I needed to see her pleasure in person.

Still holding the remote, I walked down the hall to our bedroom. Cheryl was spread out on the mattress with the panties in place. She was moving as if being fucked by an invisible lover. Her cheeks were bright pink, and her whole body seemed to be in motion. Those lovely soft curls of hers were dancing around her head on the pillow, spiraling this way and that. When she





saw me standing there, she beckoned me forward.

"This is intense," she told me. "The most powerful thing I've ever felt...other than you."

Her words gave me a new idea.

I stripped off my clothes and climbed on to the mattress with her. Then I positioned her on her hands and knees on the bed, facing away from me. I pulled the panties slightly to the side so I'd be able to slip my cock into her dripping snatch and she'd still feel the motorized portion of the underpants rubbing against her clit. Finally, I did something totally unexpected: I handed her the remote.

Cheryl seemed to get what I wanted without me having to explain. As I held her hips and slid balls-deep into her, she worked the dial on the device. She was so well lubed at this point, I could have begun banging her at top speed, but I wanted to make the moment last.

As I fucked her, I could feel the rumbling of the vibe against my dick! The toy was turning us both on simultaneously. I now understood why Cheryl had been making such happy

noises. There was a mesmerizing quality to the nonstop vibrations—and then she turned up the intensity. Oh, wow! I almost lost my load right then. I was breathless, suddenly understanding why Cheryl likes vibrators so damn much. A current of carnal electricity seemed to be running through me from my head to my cock and back again in a viciously sexy circuit.

The fact that I was fucking Cheryl the whole time only enhanced the event.

I worked her harder. She turned the vibe to high. We were both lost in the beauty of the powerful motorized rumblings. I'd never thought to use one of Cheryl's playthings on myself. I had always been satisfied to use the toys on her. Man, had I missed out! She was babbling to me about how good I felt. How good the toy was. And I had to agree.

I couldn't believe this small device was able to take the two of us to such great heights. Then suddenly—without any warning—she was coming, coming harder than she had earlier, harder than I could ever remember. I credited a combination of my own sexual prowess

and our new device for the power behind her orgasm. She truly seemed transported, and I followed a beat after, feeling her pussy contracting on me as that vibrator rumbled indecently, taking me to my own climax.

My cock shot off inside her, filling her up. I knew my seed would seep slowly out of her snatch and dampen her panties. That thought gave me a warm glow. Cheryl shut down the toy. Breathing hard, I pulled out of her silky channel. She rolled over and looked up at me. The two of us were shocked into silence for a moment. Then Cheryl sighed, clearly satisfied, and purred, "What a ride. I didn't know if I was coming or going."

"Coming," I told her. "Definitely 100 percent coming."

Cheryl grinned at me and cooed, "You know, Billy, I promise never to complain again if you work remotely!"

I couldn't wait to tell her my next idea. That I'd be taking her out while she wore the new panties. I'd be working remotely, for sure—but next time only pleasure would be on my agenda. ☺



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

BAD GIRL

“I thought you said you weren’t buying anything.”

I looked at the bags I held and shrugged.

“I hadn’t planned on it.”

“And...”

“And I saw this stuff?” I nudged Cameron with my shoulder. “Oh, you’re not mad, are you?”

“We’re on a budget. A budget that’s smaller than the budget you used to bitch about. Until things pick up.”

I sighed. We were both supposed to be minding our money. It just so happened Cam had better self-control than me. He could actually stick to a goal whereas I saw something pretty and got distracted.

“I know. I’m sorry. Put these in the car. I just have to go to one more place. I need soap and tampons.”

Cameron raised an eyebrow. “Soap and tampons.”

“You can’t fault me for that,” I said with a laugh.

“No. I can’t. I *can* fault you if you show up with soap, tampons and a

blanket. Or a coffee mug we don’t need. Or a mirror...or a deer head made of porcelain or a frying pan.”

“Okay, okay. I get it.”

“I mean it,” he said.

“I understand. But what are you gonna do? Spank me?” I banged my shoulder against his again, trying to be playful—but I could tell I’d tweaked him.

“I’ll take the bags to the car,” he said, his voice gruff.

His walk was stiff, his back straight, and I felt a flicker of disappointment that I’d upset him. I swore I’d get only what I needed as I hurried toward my final destination. But when I entered the store, I was immediately met with a display of summer clothes, suntan lotion and bathing suits—all marked down because the season was long gone.

I shut my eyes and shook my head and as I tried to remember the location of the soap. I cracked an eye and saw a tee with a pretty sunset on it. I instantly wanted it.

But I clenched my teeth and hurried on. I wouldn’t. I’d promised.

My phone buzzed. I pulled it out of my pocket and looked at the screen.

“Whatever you’re looking at—don’t touch it,” Cam had texted.

I almost laughed and then hurried on my way. I found what I was looking for—and a lovely lavender lipstick I couldn’t resist.

I intended to head straight to the checkout, but I found myself making a beeline for the tee—just to see how much it was. It was on sale for 25 percent off, which made it a measly 15 bucks!

“It’s only 15 dollars,” I muttered. “No big deal. He’ll forgive me.”

But when I met Cam on my way out of the store, I regretted my spur-of-the-moment decision. Cam slipped a finger into the bag and tugged it open so he could peer inside.

His jaw was set, his eyes seemed darker and his voice rougher.

“Soap and tampons, huh?”

I blinked. A cold snake of worry slid down my back. I had given my word—and promptly broken my promise. Just because it was no big deal to me, didn’t mean it was no big deal to him.

I turned. “I’ll take it back.”

“Oh, no. Too late. You’ve already done it.”

“Cam—”

He shook his head and walked away. I followed close on his heels. “Cam listen. I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you. I’ll—”

He increased his pace, and I hurried after him, muttering apologies.

We’d had to park all the way at the back of the giant lot, and our SUV was shaded by large trees that practically bent over it. When he hit the lock, I opened the back door, leaning over to toss my bag in the backseat—and exposing my panties.

“What are you doing?” he hissed, trying to put my skirt down.

I braced my hands on the seat and wriggled.

“Punish me,” I said, feeling contrite—but a little saucy at the same time.

“Don’t...” I heard the hesitation in his voice, as well as the interest. I could tell



**“I HAD BEEN
BAD—AND HE
NEEDED TO TREAT
ME LIKE THE BAD
GIRL I WAS.”**

he wanted to. Desperately.

“I basically just lied. I didn’t mean to, but...” I wagged my ass at him. “Punish me.”

“Someone could see,” he said, but his fingers were sliding along the elastic on my panties, teasing the underside of my exposed ass cheeks.

“Good,” I said, feeling a wave of excitement at the naughty thought.

My face was hot, but my pussy felt hotter. I had been bad—and he needed to treat me like the bad girl I was. If anyone saw, then fuck, I deserved it.

I let out a gasp as he yanked my panties down so fast I heard them tear. He moved in close and pressed his body against mine. I could feel the hard line of his cock through his pants.

“You lied.”

“I didn’t mean to,” I said.

“But you did. You said no more and then—”

His heat disappeared from me, and I heard the crack before I felt the pain. The first blow was swift and glancing and left a streak of heat on my ass that made me jump. But my pussy—oh, my pussy got wetter and my nipples spiked.

“Such a bad girl!” he growled. One, two, three blows and then a finger slipping between my folds to drive deep into my cunt. I sighed and pressed back to meet his thrusting digit. Cam quickly withdrew and laughed darkly. “Oh, bad

girls don’t get to come. At least not yet.”

His hand came down again, but this time on the untouched ass cheek, which he promptly heated. The pain was startling and bright. I jerked with every blow.

As if he read my mind he said, “I’m going to spank your fucking ass until I think it’s the appropriate color for what you’ve done.”

I sobbed but found myself taking each blow willingly, praying maybe someone would come and see my shame.

The pain stole my breath, but a steady thrum had taken up residence between my thighs. When he stopped spanking me, the silence was deafening and my skin tried to regulate the pain. This time Cam shoved two fingers inside me. He curled them just so, and suddenly I was on the razor’s edge of coming.

He knew it, too, so he pulled his fingers free quickly and yanked me out of the car. I looked at his face, still angry, always handsome, but also

totally and undeniably aroused.

“Get on your knees.”

I obeyed without hesitation. He pulled his cock free of his zipper and glanced around.

“So far so good.” He stroked his fat tip over my lips, and I stayed completely still until he stopped, just resting his cock at the center of my pout.

He gave me a brusque nod, and I took him into my mouth. I sucked him softly, keeping my gaze on his face the way he liked. I pushed my hand beneath my skirt and touched myself.

He tugged my hair hard enough to make my eyes tear.

“I didn’t say you could do that. Hands on top of the skirt.”

I whimpered with frustration but obeyed. I was in the wrong—and I was enjoying paying the price.

He held the sides of my head and started fucking my mouth slowly. But when I gagged he grinned at me and gave a gruff growl, then his cock was



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

suddenly moving in and out of my mouth faster and faster.

I tried to keep up, to use my tongue, sucking and drawing on him in the way that always got him off, but we hit a speed where I simply let him take over. I let him use my mouth the way he needed and just watched his intense brown eyes study me as he did it.

My submission pushed him over the edge and made him reckless. He pulled free of my mouth and held out a hand. I glanced around wildly as I stood. Cars were pulling in and out of the lot at the

**“MY SUBMISSION
PUSHED HIM OVER
THE EDGE AND
MADE HIM
RECKLESS.”**

far side, but positioned where we were, our door and the tree boughs blocked us for the most part. It was a miracle. An exciting and possibly temporary miracle.

A large part of me wanted someone to see. Wanted someone to watch us.

Cam put me right back where I'd started: leaning against the backseat. He flipped up my skirt and knocked my legs wide. I shivered and released an excited moan.

I heard the rasp of his heavy breathing seconds before I felt the friction of his cockhead running along my drenched slit. I held my breath as he slipped into me, taking his time, going slow just to make me suffer.

Voices came close but then faded, and the nearness of strangers made the moment so much better—and so much



worse. He held my hips in his big hands, squeezing roughly, which always got me off. I loved it when he left fingerprints from gripping me, or small purple flecks on my ass from a paddling, or a nice mark on my collarbone from a love bite.

Sure, Cam wasn't happy about my shopping habits, but he loved me—and we were all about the fucking now.

At the last moment he drove into me hard. The force of his movement banged my hips against the edge of the seat, and I groaned. His cock was hitting the exact place I needed it most. I was already on the verge of coming, so three hard thrusts had me crying out. I was so turned on I forgot to stifle my exclamations of ecstasy.

I heard someone laugh in the distance, and then Cam was fucking me harder

and faster, bucking like an animal.

“Jesus,” he grunted. “You’re so fucking tight.”

He was close to climaxing. I could hear it in his tone.

I pressed back to meet him, shoved my hand between my thighs and worked my clit. He allowed it this time. I wanted another orgasm. I was greedy, and my ass was singing from the spanking, which fed my erotic hunger. Cam wormed a wet finger into my asshole, and I gasped at the intrusion.

He continued to fuck me, his tempo increasing as gruff sounds fell from his lips.

I heard a car start up nearby, and I whispered, “People are close, people are close...”

“So am I,” he answered through

gritting teeth, his words a whisper.

A high pitched giggle escaped me, and then he fucked me faster. I came again, thanks to my frantic fingers and his driving dick.

"Jesus," he growled. "That's it." He held my hips tight and managed a few more pumps before he groaned loudly with his release.

I heard a gasp and stood quickly, flipping my skirt down.

When we shut the back door of the SUV, a woman stood nearby, holding her bag. All she'd seen was our feet, and yet...

"I just dropped something," I said, realizing my unsolicited explanation was as good as an admission of guilt.

She looked at me and shook her head, muttering, "Uh huh."

Then she went to her car, which was a spot down from ours.

"She didn't buy it," Cam said, laughing.

"Of course she did," I said, smoothing my skirt.

"Yeah?" He pointed to my panties, which were hanging halfway down my right calf.

I sighed. "Okay. Maybe not."

—S.D., Columbus, Ohio

■ THE GETAWAY

This is silly, I told myself. It was silly. I smelled like a blend of coconuts and pineapples, while outside the sky was torn apart by thunder booms and great flares of lightning as sheets of rain slammed against the windows. Fortunately, nobody was in the apartment but me. I knew my roommates' schedules by heart. Rosie had an early morning meeting. Ronald, who is in grad school, was off on a science field trip—literally, I believed, to a field.

I was supposed to take a vacation. Four days of sun, sand and surf—a

steamy getaway to escape the dreary cold and damp that had been chilling me to the bone. And trust me, I needed it. My life was scheduled from the moment my alarm blasted me awake until my head hit the pillow after midnight. Sometimes, I actually dreamed I was in motion, continuing whatever action had propelled me throughout the day. Even asleep, I was working my ass off.

I countered those nighttime visions with the occasional daydream filled with longing. I imagined every blissful, breathtaking moment of my much needed vacation. Whenever meetings turned sour, I pictured myself snorkeling. When my boss used me as a verbal punching bag, I envisioned sunning myself on a white-sand beach.

The day I was scheduled to depart, the weather bureau had predicted storms, but I didn't let that worry me. I was going no matter what. Hell, in my head I was already gone.

Then the weather worsened.

At first, my flight was delayed. I told myself to buck up, to keep my spirits high, to maintain a positive attitude. This

worked until I received word that all flights were canceled for the duration of the monster storm.

My first miserable thought was that I could go to work. I ought to simply reschedule for another date—but my disappointment made showing up for a normal day untenable. I'd been so ready for R&R that I couldn't even face my work clothes.

So I thought, *Fuck. If I can't go on vacation, I'll bring vacation to me.*

I let down my hair, sprayed suntan oil on my skin and pretended I was in the cabana of my dreams.

What next?

There would be no sandy beaches. There would be no tropical cocktails. I decided to make my own pleasure. Masturbating in the middle of a Monday morning was definitely not on my normal schedule. In fact, I decided, it was the perfect way to jump-start my four days off.

Living with roommates isn't a problem for me, generally speaking. Normally, I don't require much in the way of privacy. I am a person who enjoys the company



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



of others. But every once in a while, a girl really wants to get off loudly. That's how I was feeling as I stroked myself and painted dirty mental pictures on my shut lids. That is also why I allowed myself to moan as I traced my fingertips up and down my juicy split.

I probed my pussy with my fingers. I circled my clit and then pinched that hot button. My blankets were off. I was totally naked. The sound of the intense rain worked as a drumbeat to accompany the musicality of my cries, which were loud enough to be heard over the whistling, hurricane-like winds swirling outside.

I hadn't even bothered to close my bedroom door because I didn't expect any interruption. But that day things didn't go according to plan for anyone.

A startled "Oh!" from my doorway made my eyes fly open, and I gasped in shock. There was Ronald, standing before me, dripping wet.

That made two of us.

"The field trip was canceled," he said, "due to the weather." He was stating the obvious. His black curls were matted. There were raindrops on his eyelashes. He looked as if he had swum home! Then I thought about how I must look. My body was completely uncovered—no doubt glistening with a sheen of tropical-scented oil. My shaved pussy lips were coated with my overflowing sex juices. I knew my cunt was puffy and desperate for attention. I had been dangerously close to climaxing when he'd interrupted. "So was my flight," I said, fingers still at my snatch.

He continued to stare at me, and I stared right back at him. The room was filled with awkward tension.

"I decided to have a staycation," I continued helplessly, trying to explain the beach scent in the air, the fact that there was an open bottle of suntan oil by my bed. But he didn't seem to mind—or really notice any of that stuff. His eyes were

locked on my naked tits. I thought I could cover up, but at that point I didn't see any reason why I should bother. There was no point in hiding what he'd already seen, and what he was so obviously appreciating. I found myself sitting up a little straighter, arching my back ever so slightly. My nipples were rock hard and pointing right at him. Ron sighed.

There was a silent query in his eyes. I considered the offer for a moment. Ron was so handsome, but we'd never hooked up before. His storm-gray eyes roamed over me. We'd kept everything platonic due to our roommate status. What would happen if we fucked? We'd change everything.

I said those words out loud, and he said, "Yeah, but what if we change everything for the better?"

That was a possibility, wasn't it?

I couldn't argue—that is, I didn't want to argue. My pussy craved cock; my fingers were no longer enough.

"Would you like to vacation with me?" I asked cautiously, casting a glance down at my naked figure.

Ron's response was to undress, and I sat up to watch, eagerly eyeing him as he stripped out of his soaked clothes. Masturbating was fine and dandy, but I would always rather get my pleasure from a real man's cock—and Ron's was massive. I'd never seen his dick before, although I had—every so often—witnessed satisfied-looking ladies leave his bedroom.

In a matter of seconds, he was naked and in my bed, still shivering slightly from the chilly outdoors. I warmed him up in a hurry, pushing him down onto his back on my mattress, then climbing astride him head-to-tail. I began to lick his cock as I pressed my body to his.

There was no going slow. I wanted to devour him.

Ron groaned when my lips closed around his cockhead. I worked energetically to take the full length of him down my throat, but he was too large

“I WAS ASTRIDE HIM WITH MY HANDS ON HIS CHEST AND HIS DICK NESTLED DEEP.”

for me to manage that trick. Instead, I entertained myself by sucking the head and then pulling as much of his tool as I could into my mouth before bobbing back up again. Ron seemed lost in a haze while I took care of him. He held himself totally still, and then he started to stroke my hair and moan with abandon.

He seemed hypnotized by my mouth, but before long, he directed his attention to the pussy poised directly in front of his lips. His strong hands gripped my hips and brought me closer to his questing tongue. I felt his breath on me a second before he tapped my slick lips. I sighed around his cock and shoved myself back against him, grinding my pussy on his face. He nuzzled my split and tongued my clit, and I responded with a moan that rivaled the volume of his. He was making all kinds of noises. If any of them were words, I couldn't tell. But if he was feeling even a portion of the pleasure that was wracking my body, I knew how delighted he must be.

The two of us easily found each other's pleasure buttons. Ron seemed totally adept at working his tongue around a clit. I humped my pussy against his face and shouted out my bliss. Only after he'd brought me to my first fierce orgasm did he swivel me around so that I was astride him with my hands on his chest and his dick nestled deep inside me. Our eyes connected, his gaze smoldering with lust.



His cock was so thick and hard that I was robbed of my ability to speak. I was simply grateful to be stretched open like that. My pussy lips were pulled wide, and a delicious ache pulsed all the way to my core. But when he began to stroke my throbbing clit with his fingertips, I found my voice.

“Yes,” I whimpered. “Just like that. I love the way that feels!”

Ron's next move surprised me. He had me spin around while we were still connected. I found myself in a reverse cowgirl, staring at the torrential rain through the window. Ron got one of his fingers wet with my juices, urged me forward and began to circle my asshole while still bucking his cock up into me. My breathing sped up. My pussy was packed, and he was toying with my back hole. Pleasure pulsed through me, making me shiver.

The rain beat a powerful rhythm on the windowpanes. Ron seemed determined to fuck me with just as much intensity. As he continued to tease and please me, another climax was welling up inside me.

“I'm going to come again!” I cried out.

Having one orgasm rising on the heels of another was making me feel wild and reckless. My body was vibrating with erotic energy. I felt as if I'd been flipped on from the inside, lit up from within.

As I writhed atop his body, I felt him worming that finger deeper into my ass. That triggered my climax, which hit me in a rush.

“Oh my God, Ron!” I cried as my orgasm overwhelmed me.

“Oh my God, Ron!” I heard from behind me.

I turned my head quickly. There was Rosie, our roommate. She was also wet from the rain, staring at the two of us with an expression of naked lust on her face.

“I leave for an appointment, and you two get it on without me?” she exclaimed.

Rosie seemed genuinely put out. I watched as she shucked her slicker and stared, explaining her meeting had been cut short—because of the worsening weather.

Ron looked at me, and I looked at him. He shrugged, so I waved Rosie closer.

I'd been hoping for a steamy vacation—and that's exactly what I got, after all.

—H.M., Seattle, Washington

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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